

# THE MESSENGER.

Dr A H Strickler  
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"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

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## Poetry.

### SUPREMELY BLEST.

To Thee, my God, I lift mine eyes!  
Oft struggling to be free,  
My soul from low delights would rise,  
And lose itself in Thee.  
  
Oh, if without Thy gladdening smile,  
What joy can sense impart?  
What charm can its griefs beguile  
The wounded, aching heart?  
  
But when, within my breast, I hear  
The whispered words divine,  
That tell me Thou in love art near,  
What bliss supreme is mine!  
  
It seems to breathe in heavenly air;  
My heart sweet comfort fills;  
Comfort that drowns its every care,  
Its restless yearning stills.  
  
Toward heaven, where Thy full glories are,  
My raptured spirit springs,  
And longs to mount from earth afar  
On swift seraphic wings.  
  
But if awhile I yet must stay,  
Oh, let me, strong in grace,  
Love on, serve on, till dawns the day  
When I shall see Thy face!  
  
Ah! then no more shall sin molest,  
Nor tears nor death be known!  
But joyous life and changeless rest  
Be found in God alone!

Dr. Ray Palmer, N. Y. Observer.

## Communications.

For The Messenger.  
ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE REFORMED CHURCH.

By Rev. J. W. Santee, D. D.

### Reformed Doctrine of the Lord's Supper.

The most prominent question in controversy pertains to the presence of Christ in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Both Confessions (the Reformed and Lutheran) unite in affirming the ordinance to be two-fold: first, a commemoration of the sufferings and death of Christ. 2d. The medium of a life communion of Christ, the head of His mystical body, the Church, with believers, the members of His body, by which the new creature is nourished by the body and blood of Christ unto eternal life. Both reject the theory of transubstantiation as taught by the Roman Catholic Church, namely, that the substance of the bread and wine is transmuted by the consecrating act of the priest into the substance of the body and blood of Christ, the form, color, taste, &c., of the symbols remaining the same notwithstanding. Both reject the opinion that communion with Christ in the Lord's Supper, is only moral, consisting in pious reflections on the passion of our Lord, accompanied with sincere penitence for sin, and an earnest resolution to lead a holier and more devoted life; and that the communion of the believer is not with the human nature, but only with the divine nature of Christ. They agree in maintaining a communion with the entire divine-human Christ, or with Him by His body and blood. There is a real participation in the life-giving virtue of the human nature of Christ, supporting a process of invigoration of spirit, soul and body, which is consummated in the resurrection and final glorification of His people. But they differ as to the mode. The Lutheran Church teaches that, while the symbols, bread and wine, remain bread and wine, the veritable flesh and blood of Christ are locally present, being in, with and under the consecrated bread and wine, and that communicants, unbelievers as well as believers, partake of the human nature of Christ, with the mouth; the one class of persons eating and drinking damnation to themselves, not dis-

cerning the Lord's body, and the other class eating and drinking unto sanctification and everlasting life.\* The Reformed Church, on the contrary, teaches that the divine-human Saviour is present, not locally or carnally, but spiritually: that is, by the Holy Ghost: not in, with and under the consecrated elements, but in the entire sacramental transaction, including the formal institution, the administration by the minister, and the actual receiving in faith of the consecrated bread and wine, by the communicant; and that Christ communicates Himself, not to the unbelieving and unconverted, but to believers only, who are partakers of His true body and blood, not by the mouth, but by faith. *Cat. Ques. 76.*

In these controversies, the gifted Calvin, with many others, took a prominent part, and his acute, enlightened and keen-sighted intellect, together with his deep-toned, earnest piety, contributed much towards reducing and fixing the doctrinal statement by putting it into scientific form. From now on, there are two divergent streams, two great Confessions, the Reformed on the one side and the Lutheran on the other. The theories held by these Confessions are in this period, being settled, and fixed, and arranged, as we find them in the Confessions and Catechisms now appearing. This whole Protestant movement gathered together and found formal expression in the Confession of 1530, drawn up by Melanchthon, and presented to his imperial majesty, Charles V, at the Diet of Augsburg, and which was subscribed by the principal actors, electors, dukes, princes, &c.

It seems that the mind of all Germany was distracted, especially on the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, and in order to allay these distractions, various other confessions and catechisms were composed and published. In the Palatinate, a district of country in Germany, lying along the Rhine, Frederick, the Elector, named the Pious, was ruling his people. To restore peace among his subjects, and to preserve it, he caused to be drawn up, a Confession or Summary of Christian Doctrine, now known as the Heidelberg Catechism. There was no unanimity in this period, on the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, this seeming to be the chief article, out of which also, other vexed questions sprang. The work, as thus contemplated, was entrusted to Casper Olevianus and Zacharias Ursinus, the former a disciple of Calvin, the latter of Melanchthon. "The Catechism or Confession must represent the Reformed faith on the Lord's Supper and yet be true to the general spirit of the Augsburg Confession." The Catechism is the work of two minds, the spirit of Melanchthon with that of Calvin; Olevianus the disciple of Calvin conceived the plan, Ursinus the Melanchthonian, reducing it to actual form. The Catechism is, therefore, Melanchthonian-Calvinistic. Its spirit is decidedly that of *Peace*. Not Calvinistic as the Westminster Confession of Faith, but it breathes a spirit broad, catholic, and eminently peaceful. But this very fact made it a target, and after its publication, it was speedily attacked by fanatical and one-sided zealots, and by such restless and turbulent spirits as that of Hessuss and others, who arrayed themselves against the doctrines in controversy, which it set forth in its own happy way. Now a bitter war ensued. It was first published in Jan. 1563, and clearly sets forth the doctrine, on the Lord's Supper as held by that side of the Reformation. In 1566, the Diet met at Augsburg for the settlement of these vexed problems, and to restore and preserve peace, before which the Elector had to appear with others. This history is especially interesting, for which the reader is referred to the History and Genius

of the Heidelberg Catechism, by Dr. Nevin, from which the following quotation is made.

"Modestly, but firmly, he" (Frederick) "replied to each complaint that had been urged against him in the Diet. When he came to the main point, his alleged defection from the Augsburg Confession, he did not hesitate to remind the emperor, that in matters of faith and conscience he could acknowledge but one Master, the Lord of lords and King of kings. Where the salvation of the soul was concerned, it was God only who could properly command or be obeyed. Still he was ready to give answer to his imperial majesty, as the case required. Calvin's books he had never read, and could not pretend, of course, to know precisely what Calvinism was. On the other hand, he had signed the Augsburg Confession at Naumburg, in common with a number of princes who were now present and could easily testify to the fact; and he continued in the same faith still, as believing it to be grounded in the holy Scriptures; nor did he believe that any one could convict him of having swerved from this profession, in anything he had done. As for his Catechism, it was all taken from the Bible, and so well fortified with marginal proof texts, that it had not yet been overthrown, and he had good hope never would be, in all time to come. If any one could show it wrong from the Holy Bible, which he now held in his hands, he was ready to hear him, great or small, friend or foe. Till this were done, he trusted in his majesty's gracious forbearance. Should this expectation be disappointed, however, he said, in conclusion, he would still comfort himself in the sure promise of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, made to him as well as to all saints, that what he might lose for his name in this life should be restored to him a hundredfold in the next."

This bold and manly address made a deep impression upon the assembly. All were silent; only one of the popish bishops murmured something about the 80th Question and the mass. But this received now Augustus of Saxony, who piqued himself on his Lutheran orthodoxy, was so moved by the Elector's speech that he came up to him, and exclaimed, striking him on the shoulder, "Fritz, you are more pious than the whole of us!" A similar remark was made afterwards by the Margrave of Baden to some of the princes: "Why trouble the Elector? He has more piety than all of us together!" *PP. 66, 67.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

For The Messenger.  
"ERRORS OF THE COLLEGES."

In a recent number of the MESSENGER appeared an article under the above heading, which had been taken from a contemporary periodical. It professed to be a summarized report of the address of Dr. Howard Crosby, before the Phi Beta Kappa Alumni, in New York City. In it occurred the following words: "It was necessary, the speaker maintained, to condense as much real necessary knowledge as possible within the essentially brief period allotted to the American student. Dr. Crosby did not believe in sacrificing any branch of a practical English education to attempts to teach the classic or ornamental branches."

When we read this statement we set it down as a misapprehension and misrepresentation of Dr. Crosby's meaning; and we did so, because, by implication, it seemed to contain two views which we thought the learned speaker would hardly hold in an unmodified form as here stated. Of these, the first is the low view of education, which is involved in the words "to condense as much real necessary knowledge as possible in the essentially brief period allotted to the American student," and also in the words "sacrificing any branch of a practical English education to attempts to teach the classics." For the assumption underlying these expressions is that education aims at the acquirement of knowledge as its chief end. In other words, they assume utility, the satisfying of earthly and material wants merely, to be the object of education, and not the discipline of the mind, the formation of the character and the poising of the spiritual nature of man as carrying within itself potencies that are more vast, and as having needs that reach farther than any of the relations of this life; and the second is closely connected with this,—the essentially false conception,

namely, that the study of the classics is *unpractical*. Undoubtedly education should fit men to meet the demands that are made upon them every day that they live by the world in which they live. But it is more than questionable whether a simply "practical English education" does this in a way that is more satisfactory, in the long run, than the results of classical training during the past have been. Certainly a system of education which seeks to penetrate the deepest sources of human action must be "practical,"—and that, too, in a most profound sense,—for it seeks to cover the whole of human nature and does not give to man's activities such a purely temporal reference as the "practical education" of which we have so much is calculated to do. Dr. Howard Crosby, we thought, is a bold thinker and a fearless writer, and if he advocated "practical education," as it is generally understood, he certainly would not have hesitated to say so in unmistakable language; nor would he have left a reporter in doubt as to whether he meant to stigmatize the collegiate training of the past as a mere attempt to teach the classics, or whether he identified classical studies with branches that are merely "ornamental." At least one would infer so much from the stinging words with which he recently undertook to maintain that *our Saviour held and taught* that the man Moses wrote all the books of the Pentateuch.

It was not our intention, however, to define Dr. Crosby's position for him. He is abundantly able to do it for himself, and has recently published a fuller statement of his views on this and other points which we think the readers of the MESSENGER should see,—and especially those who read the article to which we are referring. He

stated his position as follows:

"My position in regard to the Latin and Greek languages in the college curriculum was this: That as the college course is intended for general knowledge and mental training in acquiring this, all special studies being deferred to a post-collegiate application, the Latin and Greek should no more be pursued for the mastery of those languages than the mathematics and the sciences for their mastery. The study of prosody in its details has always seemed to me a great waste of valuable time, and tends, moreover, to divert the mind from all the literary beauties of the Greek and Latin poets, \* \* \* \*

In place of all this microscopic Latin and Greek, I would have the college course (all the principles of grammar and the common words of the vocabulary having been acquired in school) to consist of a rapid survey of the literature which makes the two languages so valuable, so that the student may understand the spirit of the language rather than its letter. A tragedy of Sophocles in this way, instead of consuming the time of a whole term, would be dispatched in a week.

I would have this same principle observed with all the other studies. There is a very large field of natural science now open to the world's examination, and the cultured mind should have a general knowledge of its various departments. The college should not be expected to make a man a geologist, or botanist; but it should give him the leading facts regarding geology and botany. He should have a like knowledge of chemistry, mineralogy, zoology, physiology, astronomy, meteorology, physical geography, and physics. These sciences have been so wonderfully developed in the last thirty years that no course of study which was good thirty years ago can be good now. Ample room for the *elements* of these sciences should be given in every college curriculum. To these material sciences we have to add the still higher studies of philology (comparative), ethnology, anthropology, political economy, logic, psychology, and ontology, into each of which the college students should have an introduction, so that he may appreciate the subjects and be ready to pursue any one of them in the future, if necessary or expedient. The familiar use of algebra and geometry, (including trigonometry) will be enough introduction into the mathematical field, the higher mathematics being left to specialists. Last of

all, but most important of all, is the thorough understanding and facile use of the vernacular language, the power of graceful and correct expression by which not only are others edified, but one's own knowledge is clarified and defined, \* \* \*

What, then, I advocate is the avoidance of a specialistic course in any department of college instructions, except that of the English speech, in which every student should be a specialist.

I am fully aware of the importance of Latin and Greek, and would by no means, be

considered as in the remotest degree slighting their study. I only plead that they be not made the special study of a college course; but that they be put upon the same level with all the other studies enumerated."

The italics in this quotation are Dr. Crosby's, and the portions that we have omitted from it were only additional examples which served to illustrate his meaning, but did not at all materially modify the view he was expressing. There are a number of points even in this fuller statement of his position which might be made the subject of criticism. For instance, the survey of the beauties of the Latin and Greek poets which it proposes would seem to many men a *very rapid survey*, indeed, —so rapid, in fact, that, in their estimation, the result would be only confusion. In nothing is time a more important factor than in education. Moreover it is doubtful whether this statement brings distinctly into view the properly subordinate relation of mere knowledge to mental discipline and formation of character, or even whether its author holds it at all. But we did not intend to enter upon such a criticism. All that we wished to point out was that Dr. Crosby recognizes the importance of the study of Latin and Greek; does not regard it as *antagonistic* to practical education; and places mental training at least on the same plane with the acquisition of knowledge.

J. B. K.  
Lancaster, Pa., Jan. 10th, 1883.

## NEGATIVE FAITH.

A negative faith, standing on the defensive to ward off something, rather than to take something to itself, is, of necessity, weak. Greatness is positive, appropriate, all-absorbing. Unlike a culprit shivering at the approach of the sheriff, the soul of great faith assumes the offensive. It has something to utter; it has a body of positive truth to set forth. It comes to the world with a demand and urges upon it a duty in the name of God.

Negative people are mere figure-heads in society. Each, indeed, counts one and helps to fill up the vacant space of the universe, but he makes slight addition to the effective forces of the world. He is never a reformer or revolutionist, or the mover of any great social, financial or political enterprise. He has immense faith in things as they are, and an unconquerable disbelief in the possibilities of a change for the better. The impending upheaval never fails to take him by surprise; but when arrived, it very quickly flattens him out and adjusts him to the new condition of things. A negative faith is the mere inertia of a carnal nature driven to a corner under the peltings of the truth. While positive faith marches on boldly to the conquest of the world, this semblance is obliged to remain in its corner and to stand constantly on the defensive.

Along the whole line of Church history we find traces of a negative faith antagonizing the great verities held by orthodox believers; forever warring, but never coming to any considerable strength. In the end, positive faith carries the day, and what has merely stood over in opposition to the vital truths of the Gospel, has yielded to the general impulse and aided to swell the stream of general religious life.—*Zion's Herald*.

Every blessing in the Gospel of the crucified and risen Saviour comes to us by faith. That is the pivot on which it turns, the channel of communication through which it flows down to us. And as it is, so will it be to us. "According to thy faith, be it unto thee."—Ex.

\* De coena Domini docent: quod corpus et sanguis Christi vere adiunt et distribuantur vestimentibus in coena Domini: Et improbat secus docentes." Art. X. Con. Aug. "De Sacramento altaris sentimus panem et vinum in coena Esse verum corpus et Sanguinem Christi et non tantum dari et Sumi a piis sed Etiam ab impiis Christianis." Art. Smal. Pars 3, Art. 6. 1. See also Cat. Luth., old Ed. Quoted from Art. in Bib. Sacra, Jan., 1863, "The German Reformed Church," by Rev. E. V. Gerhart, D. D.

## Family Reading.

## THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

Just to let thy Father do  
What He will;  
Just to know that He is true.  
And be still;  
Just to follow hour by hour  
As it needeth;  
Just to trust Him—that is all,  
Then the day will surely be  
Peaceful, and, whate'er befall,  
Bright and blessed, calm and free.  
  
Just to let Him speak to thee  
Through His Word;  
Watching that His voice may be  
Clearly heard;  
Just to tell Him everything  
As it rises;  
And at once to Him to bring  
All surprises;  
Just to listen, and to stay  
Where you cannot miss His voice—  
This is all! and thus to-day  
Communing; you shall rejoice.  
—Calcutta Paper.

## SELFISH JOHN CLARK.

The meeting was a good one, in spite of the intense heat, and there was more singing done by the mosquitoes than the human species.

John Clark sat by an open window, where what breeze there was came in and kept him comparatively comfortable; and then he had on a clean linen suit which his wife had washed and ironed that day, notwithstanding the mercury mounted high in the nineties, and its freshness was an additional alibi.

His first crop of hay, much larger than usual, had that day been put in his spacious barns without damage by so much as a drop of rain. He was well, strong, prosperous, and therefore happy.

The ride home was charming, and as the new horse took them through Cairnley Woods with sure, fleet feet, he felt that life was very bright; and as he thought of Brother White's remarks about weary burdens and feet tired with the march of life, he concluded that the aforesaid brother was not in the enjoyment of religion.

John's wife sat back in the carriage, resting her tired body and turning over in her mind the remarks her John had made at the meeting. "Bear ye one another's burdens," had been the subject of the evening's talk, and John's speech had been listened to with evident relish.

"Your husband has the root of the matter in him," said the pastor as she passed out. "I hope we shall all take heed to his well-timed words."

"I think of hiring Tom Birch as a sort of spare hand or call-boy generally. I find this hot weather takes the starch out of me," John said, as the horse trotted through the cool pine grove, amid flickers of moonlight.

"Will you board him?" asked Mary Clark in a constrained voice, with the memory of her husband's exhortations still in her mind.

"Of course. I want him evenings to take the horse when we come home from meeting, or if I have a friend out. It is rather hard to have to go right to work directly one gets home."

"You are going to hire him to help bear some of your burdens," said Mary in the same hard voice.

"Just so, wife. It stands me in hand to practice, if I preach; don't you say so?"

"I do! I am glad you are going to have help; as you say, it is hard to go to work the minute you get home. I have been foolish enough to have this ride spoiled by thinking of bread to mix, two baskets of clothes to fold before I sleep, for the ironing to-morrow, and dinner to get for four hungry men, and baby to care for."

"Don't crowd to-morrow's burdens into this present ride. And seems to me that it would be better to get all the housework done before meeting time."

"If I could; but that is impossible; milk to strain, dishes to wash, Benny and baby to put to bed—all these duties come together; and then I am tired enough to go to bed myself."

"Take it easy, Mary; keep cool, avoid all the hot work you can."

"I wish I could have a girl, John?"

"Mother used to say girls were more hindrance than help. I guess you would find them so; and then they waste and break more than their wages. I don't see how I can afford a girl. Do what you can and leave some things undone; that's the way to work it," and John sat back with a satisfied air, and Mary thought of her husband's glowing words in the prayer meeting.

"I will do what I can," said Mary in a weary voice. "What I am obliged to do is much beyond my strength. The three meals come near together, washing and ironing must be done, baby shall not be neglected, and of course, I must keep the clothes well mended."

"One thing at the time is the way to think of your duties. Pick up all the comfort you can as you go along. I have made up my mind to do so in the future."

"So I see by your thinking of having an extra hand."

"Yes, I feel that I must take care of my health for your sake and the children's."

"Certainly!" Mary answered in a sarcastic tone; "how thoughtful you are for us."

John made no further comment, but inwardly wished that prayer-meetings did Mary the good they had once done, and wondered why his wife had so changed.

"I am going with Squire Town to see a new reaper; he says he hardly wants to buy without my opinion." This was the next day.

John left his wife ironing with the half-sick baby sitting at the table in the company of an army of flies, and, in spite of the home-scene, enjoyed his ride along the pleasant shaded road, well pleased to be seen in company with such big man of the town. At supper time, he came home with the new reaper behind the wagon.

"By taking two we made a handsome saving, and as I intended to buy one, I thought I might as well take it now," he remarked, by way of explanation. "It will save time and strength, and pay for itself in a year."

Mary made no comment, but set her teeth tightly together when she remembered that she had asked in vain for something to make her work easier. A sewing machine had been pronounced "hurtful; better have fewer changes of clothing than run a machine," John had decided when the subject was discussed; "a clothes-wringer would be constantly getting out of order. To bring the water into the house would be just to spoil the water. Mother would never have a pump in her day."

"My mother used to say all men are selfish; and I begin to think she was right." Marry muttered as she went to the kitchen for the plate of hot biscuit John was so fond of for his tea.

Her husband's appetite was good; but from fatigue and overheating herself Mary could not eat. His ride and the society of the genial squire had acted like a tonic; but there is no tonic in the air of a hot kitchen.

"A commonplace life," she said; and she sighed, as she cleared away the tea dishes, while John tilted back in his armchair on the cool, drafty porch and talked over things with neighbor Jones.

"Why don't you buy Widder Patch's cranberry medder?" asked Mr. Jones; "it is going dirt cheap and you can afford it." The sum was named, figures that astonished Mary, and she was more surprised when she heard her husband say:

"I have half a mind to buy it. I've had an old bill paid in, and to tell the truth, affairs in the money market are so squally, I don't know just where to salt it down."

No tears came to Mary's tired eyes, but her heart went out in one mighty sob as she stood, dish-pan in hand, before the disordered table, and thought how cheaply she had sold herself, really for her board and \$2 a week, to a man who had promised to love, and cherish her until death. The beautiful piano she had brought to the farm was never opened, but looked like a gloomy casket wherein was buried all the poetry of her life. The best "closed parlor" had long since assumed the grimness and mustiness of country parlors, of which in her girlhood days she had made such fun. John was a rich man; and in spite of his marriage vows and his glowing prayer-meeting talk, was allowing burdens grievous to be borne to press on her slender shoulders, in order to "salt down" his dollars.

Had she not a duty to perform? Ought she to allow him to preach and never to practice? Had she not rights to be respected? which were not by her husband; for she reasoned, if he allowed her to do what could be done by a hired woman at \$2 a week, then he rated her at that price.

"Widder Patch has had a tough time on't," said neighbor Jones; "she is going to the Westward to Tom, if she sells the medder, and Jane is going out to work. She tried sewing, but it don't agree with her. Dr. Stone recommends housework as it's a healthy business."

"Tis healthy business," chimed in John. "Now my wife is a good deal better than when I married her. Why she never did a washing in her life, until she came to the farm. I think washing and general house-work is much better than piano-playing and reading."

"So I say to the girls who pester me to buy an organ; better play on the wash-board enough sight," was the elegant response.

"Are you going to buy the cranberry meadow, John?" Mary asked, as she saw her husband making preparations to go from home.

"Yes—why?"

"Can you afford it?"

"We shall have to figure a little closer in order to do it, but it is going cheap."

"You will have to give up Tom Birch won't you, and do the chores yourself?"

"I have thought of it; but Tom is poor and to give him a home is a deed of charity. No we will save some other way."

"How much do you pay Tom?"

"Three dollars and his board. And, by the way, he says you didn't wash his clothes. Washing and mending was in the bargain."

"I think Tom will have to go, for I have hired Jane Patch. She will be here to-night. Two dollars a week I am to give her. You want to practice 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' as well as preach from the text; so I will give you a chance. I will sit on the cool piazza after tea with a neighbor, while you do the chores."

"One thing at the time is the way to think of your duties. Pick up all the comfort you can as you go along. I have made up my mind to do so in the future."

"So I see by your thinking of having an extra hand."

"Yes, I feel that I must take care of my health for your sake and the children's."

"Certainly!" Mary answered in a sarcastic tone; "how thoughtful you are for us."

John made no further comment, but inwardly wished that prayer-meetings did Mary the good they had once done, and wondered why his wife had so changed.

Before John could recover from his astonishment, Mary walked out of his sight, and taking the children, went to the shut up parlor. Throwing open the windows to let in the soft summer air, with baby in her lap, she sat down to the piano and began to play a "song without words," a piece John had loved to hear when he used to visit her in her home where she was a petted girl. The song crept out through the open windows and around to John as he sat on the porch, and memory compelled him to give the song words. Not musical poetry, but rather sombre prose, wherein washing, ironing, hard days at the churn, hours of cooking for hungry men, stood out before his mind's eye in contrast to the fair promises he had made the pretty girl, he had won for his bride.

Jane Patch came that evening, and at once took upon herself many of Mrs. Clark's cares, and no one greeted her more cordially than did the master of the house. Nothing was ever said about her coming, and Tom Birch did not go away; so Mary knew her husband could well afford the expense.

She told me how she helped to make one man thoughtful and unselfish, as we sat on her cool piazza one hot August night; and I was glad that one woman had grit enough to demand her rights. If John Clark had been poor, his wife would have borne her burden in patience; but she had no right to help make him selfish and indifferent as to her health and comfort.—Selected.

## SWEET-MINDED WOMAN.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which acts as a balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits, that are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough schoolboy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with his own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected.

Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.—Ex.

## BEWARE OF ARSENIC.

It is necessary to raise a warning cry against the most mischievous statement which has recently been circulated, and has already done harm, to the effect that "arsenic in small doses is good for the complexion." It is not difficult to imagine the risks women will incur to preserve or improve their "good looks." No more ingenious device for recommending a drug can be hit upon than that which the authors of the most baneful prescription of "arsenic for complexion" have adopted. Suffice it to recall the fact that for many years past chemists and sanitarians have been laboring to discover means of eliminating the arsenical salts from the coloring matter of wall papers and certain articles of clothing.

It is most unfortunate that this hopelessly antagonistic recommendation of arsenic to improve the complexion should have found its way into print. Those who employ the drug as advised—and there are many either already using it or contemplating the rash act—will do so at their peril. So far as they are able, however, it will be the duty of medical men to warn the public against this pernicious practice, which is only too likely to be carried on secretly. It is not without reason that we speak thus pointedly, and urge practitioners to be on the qui vive in anomalous or obscure cases.—London Lancet.

## GOSSIP REBUKED.

The *Advocate and Guardian* gives an incident that may prove a suggestion to all of us:

One day the conversation at dinner in a family well known to the writer, turned upon a lady who was so unfortunate as to have incurred the dislike of certain members of the household because of some little peculiarity. After several had expressed their views in no gentle terms, the married sister added:

"I can't endure her, and I believe I will not return her call if she comes here again."

Her husband, who had hitherto remained silent, replied:

"She will not trouble you again, my dear, as she died an hour ago."

"You do not mean it? Surely you are only teasing us for our uncharitableness?"

"She is really dead. I learned it on my way to dinner."

Overwhelmed with shame the little group realized for the first time the solemnity of such sinful conversation. Let us take warning, and speak of those about us as we will wish we had done when

"Death sweeps their faults with heavy hand, As sweeps the sea the trampled sand."

## GOD WILL DO RIGHT.

We give ourselves a great deal of trouble about matters that are above and beyond us. For example: Why should we know what God will do with the heathen? Why should we know how He will adjust their relations in the general plan? We are not charged with the government of the world. He will attend to that Himself. He will do right—this we know. And if we know all the details of His plan we would know no more than what is covered by the certainty that God will do right. The little bird clings to its frail twigs when the tempest rocks the trees, though wrapped in darkness and surrounded with dangers. So may the child of God, clinging with sublime and simple trust to the divine promises, rest securely and calmly, though darkness and tempest fall thick upon him.

## THE TAPESTRY-WORKER.

By Margaret Scott MacRitchie.

"Carry me out, my brethren;  
For I can work no more.  
Carry me out to meet Him—  
My Master at the door!  
The sun is slowly setting,  
And the old man's eyes are dim,  
And the task He gave is finished;  
Carry me out to Him!

"The task He gave is finished:  
I mind when it began,  
How joyously and swiftly  
The busy moments ran;

In ardor for His service,  
Methought I wrought so well  
That e'en His own appointments  
I should at last excel.

"But through my vain ambition  
There fell the hand divine,  
That quietly effaced it—  
My dearly-loved design.  
And whilst I sore lamented  
For beauty swept away,  
More beauty hath obedience,  
I heard the Master say.

"Then I was still, my brethren,

And turned to toil anew,  
Leaving to Him the guidance,  
Whose plans are sure and true;

And though to trace His pattern  
At times I vainly tried,  
My heart found rest remembering  
He sees the other side.

"I sat behind the canvas,  
I saw no beauty grow,  
I held His own directions—  
Enough for me to know;

Many had wider portions  
Of clearer, brighter hue,  
But the old man in the corner  
The Master needed too.

"And if nor gain nor glory  
Shine out from this my west,  
Still He will not be angry—  
I did the task He left.

And now that I am helpless,  
And weary is my frame,  
My brethren, in the distance  
I hear Him call my name."

They bore the old man gently  
Forth from the working-room,  
Forth from the ended labor,  
Forth from the silent loom,  
And down a voice came floating,

A voice serene and blest,  
O good and faithful servant!  
Enter thou into rest.

"Long, long in patient duty  
Thy yearning soul was tried;  
Open thine eyes to beauty  
Upon the other side!

Behind the canvas toiling,  
Thou didst not dream of this,  
That every shadow-tangle  
Wrought out eternal bliss;

"And every thread mysterious  
Into the pattern given,  
Was weaving rich perfection  
Of love and life in heaven.

Now rise thou to the glory  
By lowly hearts possessed,  
Who but fulfil My bidding,  
And leave to Me the rest!"

—Sunday Magazine.

## THE SWISS GOOD NIGHT.

Among the lofty mountains and elevated valleys of Switzerland, the Alpine horn has another use besides that of sounding the far-famed Ranz des Vaches, or Cow Song; and this is of a solemn and impressive nature. When the sun has set in the valley, and the snowy summits of the mountains gleam with golden light, the herdsman, who dwells upon the highest habitable spot, takes his horn, and pronounces clearly and loudly through a speaking trumpet, "Praise the Lord God!"

As soon as the sound is heard by the neighboring herdsmen they issue from their huts, take their Alpine horns, and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the call resounds from all the mountains and rocky cliffs around. Silence at last settles over the scene. All the herdsmen kneel and pray with uncovered heads.

Meantime it has become quite dark. "Good night!" at last calls the highest herdsman through the horn. "Good night!" again resounds from all the mountains, the horns of the herdsmen, and the rocky cliffs. The mountaineers then retire to their dwellings and to rest.

## BORROWED TROUBLES.

It was Sidney Smith who recommended taking "short views" as a safeguard against needless worry; and one far wiser than he has said, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient into the day is the evil thereof."

There are no troubles that wear upon the temper and sap the foundations of all peace and comfort as do borrowed troubles, because there is no provision made in the divine economy for help to bear them. We have no promise that strength will be given to sustain us under the weight of imaginary burdens. Real trials, bravely and patiently borne, are moral tonics, strengthening and purifying in their influence, lifting the soul to higher levels and broader outlooks. But it is only by receiving them as they come, one day at a time, and taking no thought for those of the morrow, that they will yield us the full measure of good with which they are fraught.

No language can express the power and beauty and heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where man cowers, and grows stronger where man faints, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.

## Selections.

Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.

Thou art, O God! the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee.

The prevent our being uneasy at the restraints of religion, it is good often to take a view of the liberties and comfort of it.

Homes are like harps, of which one is finely carved and bright with gilding, but ill-tuned, and jarring the air with its discords; while another is old and plain and worn, but from its chords float strains that are a feast of music.

"Christ did not send, but came Himself, to save;  
The ransom price He did not lend, but gave;  
Christ died—the Shepherd for the sheep;  
We only fall asleep."

Worldly faces never look so worldly as at a funeral. They have the same effect of

## Youth's Department.

## THE YEARS PASS ON.

"When I'm a woman, you'll see what I'll do;  
I'll be great and good, and noble and true!  
I'll visit the sick, relieve the poor—  
No one shall ever be turned from my door;  
But I'm only a little girl now."

And so the years pass on.

"When I'm older I'll have more time  
To think of heaven and things sublime;  
My time is now full of studies and play;  
But I really mean to begin some day;  
I am only a little girl now."

And so the years pass on.

"When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said,  
"I'll try to do right and not be afraid;  
I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys  
Of the world with all its dazzling toys;  
But I'm only a young girl now."

And so the years pass on.

"Ah, me!" sighed a woman grey with years,  
Her heart full of doubts, and cares, and fears,  
"I've kept putting off the time to be good,  
Instead of beginning to do as I should;  
But I'm an old woman now."

And so the years pass on.

Now is the time to begin to do right;  
To-day, whether skies be dark or bright;  
Make others happy by good deeds of love,  
Looking to Jesus for help from above;  
And then you'll be happy now,

And as the years pass on.

—Canada Presbyterian Record.

## GIANT RUDE AND THE LITTLE SWORD.

By Mrs. Anna B. Park.

Winthrop Taft liked to have his mother read and explain "Pilgrim's Progress" to him. He had been listening, one Sabbath afternoon, to the account of Christian's combat with Apollyon, when, as the narrative ended, he doubled up his fists and exclaimed:

"Wouldn't I give it to the old Giant! I'd throw him down flat as a pancake!"

"Well, Winnie," said his mother, "there is a certain Giant, that comes around here a good deal, that I wish you would fight. I'd rejoice to see you throw him down or drive him off for good."

"Whom do you mean, Mother?" asked Winnie, hardly knowing what to think.

"I mean," said his mother, "a Giant that is very anxious to make you his slave. His name is Giant Rude."

"Oh!" said Winnie, in a disappointed tone. "I can't fight him."

"But, Winnie," said his mother, "I'm in earnest about it. It's a serious matter. This Giant troubles us very much and he's just such a giant as Christian fought. You must have the weapon that Christian had, and, if you try hard, you cannot fail to succeed, though it may take several days to fairly drive him off. You know what weapon Christian had, don't you?"

"His two-edged sword," answered Winnie.

"That means prayer," said his mother; "and here's a beautiful little sword I'd like to give you. It consists of just three words: 'Lord help me.' As soon as you see the old Giant coming, get out this little sword, and then he will not dare to touch you."

Winnie did not say much; but he looked sober and went away thinking.

A chance to fight came sooner than he expected. As he stepped into the sitting-room, he found his little sister Julia sitting down on a rug, with all his Christmas cards spread out before her. Without a moment's delay, Giant Rude stepped into the room, and, giving Winnie a rap with his club, a thundering voice exclaimed: "Julie, who told you you might get out those cards?"

Mother put her head in at the door, and said: "Has Giant Rude got around so soon? Where's your sword, Winnie, dear?"

Winnie hung his head, and said: "Well, I can't have her taking my Christmas cards."

"Don't neglect the sword," Mother said and went away.

Winnie, half sorry now, said, in a gentler tone to his sister: "Julie, here are two cards that I will let you have for your own; but you mustn't take mine out of the drawer any more."

Upon this Giant Rude disappeared and was not seen again that day; but the next morning, when Winnie came down-stairs, he walked into the kitchen, and began playing with the water, letting it run from the faucets and fill up the sink. The kitchen-girl seeing what was going on, said, in a peremptory tone:

"Winnie, you musn't waste the water. The well is nearly empty already."

Instantly Giant Rude rapped him again, and he answered, gruffly: "It's none of your business. I'll do what I please."

Then the girl came up, and tried to push

him away from the faucets, upon which Giant Rude gave Winnie's foot a jerk, and Winnie gave the girl a kick. In an instant, however, thoughts of what he had done, of the Giant and the little sword, all rushed into his mind, and he went out into the garden feeling rather more sober than angry.

"Oh! dear," thought he to himself. "What shall I do? I wish I was a good boy. I wonder if that little sword would do any good. It's such a little thing, I don't believe it can do anything; only I wish God would help me. Mother says I ought to pray for His help every morning, when I get up. I might go and lean over the fence and ask Him now. Nobody'll know what I am doing." So Winnie went and prayed, leaning over the fence. A very short prayer it was. He asked that he might be a good boy and remember the little sword when the Giant came near him. Then he went back into the house, and, feeling as if he wanted to make up in some way to the kitchen-girl, he went up to his own room, and, stuffing his pockets full of chestnuts, he returned to the kitchen again. The girl, who was feeling rather sore about the kick, said, in an angry tone, as she saw him: "Shut that door, Winnie, and don't you come here." But Giant Rude did not come around Winnie this time, and he merely answered: "Don't you wish you had some chestnuts?"

"No, I don't want any chestnuts," came the curt answer.

"Well, here you may have these, anyway," said Winnie, thrusting a handful into a plate of muffins, that she was getting ready to carry to the breakfast-table, and then he disappeared as fast as he could go.

Somehow or other things went very smoothly the rest of the day. Winnie wondered at himself for not getting angry when Fred Sawyer gave him a push, at recess. Once and only once did Giant Rude put in an appearance, and that was when Johnny Ross cut a great gash in his bran new top, by throwing his own old scarred one at it. Winnie's eyes flashed at Johnny, and he began saying: "Johnny, did you do that?" "Well, I'll—" Just here the little sword came to mind and "Lord help me" flashed from his heart. He said no more, but picked up his top and walked away.

That night, when Winnie was going to bed, the recollection of all that had happened passed before him. "I declare, I believe that's a pretty good little sword, after all," he said to himself. "The trouble is, Giant Rude springs at me so quick that I don't have time to think of sword or anything; but, perhaps, if I ask God every morning, He will just put my hand on the hilt when old Giant comes around." —Independent.

## A MOLE.

Walking through the fields one May morning, I surprised a mole above ground—a very large specimen, one of the giants of his kind. It was an unwanted spectacle, something I had never seen before; this purblind, shovel-footed, subterranean dweller, this metaphysician of the earth, groping his way along in the open daylight. Had he grown tired, then, of the darkness, of the endless burrowings that lead nowhere, of undermining the paths and the garden, and cutting off the tender rootlets of the plants? He was ill-equipped for travelling above ground; he was like a stranded fish; the soil was his element, and he knew it as well as I did. The moment I disturbed him he began to go into the ground, as a diver into the water. When he moved, his tendency was downward, like a plow. It was amusing to see his broad, naked, muscular front feet, which turned outward and upward instead of downward, shovel their way through the grass into the turf. In less than half a minute he would nearly bury himself from view. Then by the tail I would draw him forth, and see him repeat the attempt. He did not look or feel about for a hole or for a soft place, but assaulted the turf wherever he touched it, his slender, sensitive nose feeling the way, and his huge, fleshy hands opening the passage. He was indeed a giant in these members; they were to him what the wings of a bird are to the bird; all his powers and speed lay here; his hind legs were small and feeble, and often trailed behind him as if helpless or broken. Fancy a race of savages by some peculiar manual occupation developing an enormous hand, a hand as long and broad as a scoop shovel, usurping the wrist and the forearm, with the legs and feet proportionately small, and you have a type of this mole. This creature was a cripple at the surface, but a most successful traveller a few inches below. His

fur was like silk plush, finer and softer than that of any creature known to me, excepting perhaps the bat. Why should these creatures of darkness have such delicate vestments? Probably because they are creatures of darkness. The owl is softer clad than the hawk, the hare than the squirrel, the moth than the butterfly.

I looked in vain for the mole's eyes. I blew open the fur, and explored the place with the point of a pin, but no eyes or semblance to eyes could I find, and I began to think that Aristotle was right in saying the mole is blind. Then I dispatched him, and stripped off his skin, and the eyes were revealed: two minute, black specks, that adhered to the tissues of the head after the skin was removed. It was only by the aid of a pocket glass that I was able to determine that they really were eyes. There was no eye-socket, and I wondered that they had not come away with the skin. Probably the only use the mole has for eyes is to distinguish daylight from darkness, and for this purpose these microscopic dots may suffice, but as regards any other and more specific visual powers, he is practically blind.—*The Century for January.*

## SPELLING AND PRONUNCIATION.

The *Century Magazine* gives some curious examples of changes in the spelling of certain words by Noah Webster. In his Dictionary (1828), *bridegroom* appears as *bridegoom*, and the existing form is censured as a gross corruption which ought no longer to remain as a reproach to philology. It may be asked, Why? Because the second syllable is derived directly from the Anglo-Saxon *guma*, which means a "man," and the letter *r* has etymologically no business there whatever. Webster went on to add that the corruption sprang from confounding the *groom* of the compound *bride-groom* with the simple word *groom*; so that *bridegroom*, as usually written, instead of being a bride's man, really means a bride's hostler.

## THE GREAT SEAL.

The mere holding of the Great Seal of England entitles its fortunate custodians to some \$60,000 a year, to immense patronage in Church and State, to be Speaker of the house of Lords, a Privy Councillor, and the head of all judicial authority in the kingdom, to be designated Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, and Keeper of the Royal Conscience, and to rank (next to the royal family) as the second subject in the realm. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to say when England first had a Great Seal. Seals were not much used by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, but came largely into fashion during the Norman reigns. The gilt crosses or marks of Edward the Confessor, and other Saxon kings, can scarcely be called Seals, and partook more of the character of signatures of an illiterate age; but a grand and perfect Seal of William the Conqueror exists, having the monarch crowned and throned on the one side, and mounted on horseback on the other, attitudes which have been invariably observed to the present day.

One remarkable circumstance connected with the Great Seal, is its progressive growth in size as time advanced. Originally, eight hundred years since, not larger than the top of an ordinary modern teacup, it has been gradually enlarged from age to age, till it offers now the size and appearance of a muffin, and requires to be enclosed in a tin box for protection. Indeed, so cumbersome and unwieldy had the Great Seal become, that some three or four years since an Act of Parliament passed—containing very extraordinary provisions, directing that all the minor, and many even of the more important documents passing under it, should for the future be authenticated by a *paper wafer* of moderate size, which should be gummed on the instrument, and be deemed and taken to be the Great Seal itself!

The Great Seal has only three times been lost, twice temporarily, and once permanently. James II., on leaving the kingdom on his abdication, threw the Seal into the Thames, whence, however, it was next morning fished up and brought to Whitehall. Lord Eldon buried it in his garden in Queen Square during one night when his house caught fire, and he thought in the confusion it might be stolen. "And," writes the Chancellor in his diary, "when the fire was extinguished, I quite forgot in the morning where I had buried it, and while the carriage waited to take me to Court, my lady and I and all the household, were dibbing with pieces of stick, till we luckily found it." Lord Thurlow, who always held it during the night in his bed-

room, had it actually carried off by burglars, from whom it was never recovered. A Privy Council was called the next day, a new seal was rapidly made, and during the remainder of his continuance in office, Lord Thurlow invariably deposited it of a night under his pillow.

Down to 1818 the Great Seal itself was made of copper, since then silver has been the metal employed. It is in two halves, somewhat like two very thick bright tin saucepan lids, fitting closely together, their inner surfaces deeply sculptured with the royal devices intended to be formed on the wax when squeezed between them.

Instruments having a limited duration are sealed with yellow wax. Others supposed to exist in perpetuity, such as patents of peage, etc., are exemplified under green wax; and in the case of some letters patent likely to be exposed to a good deal of knocking about, or journeying from place to place, such as were the Assize Commissions, the wax seal was stamped after being ingeniously enclosed in cream-colored leather.—*N. Y. Observer.*

## PUTTING AN EGG IN A BOTTLE.

To accomplish this seemingly incredible act requires the following preparation: You must take an egg and soak it in vinegar and in process of time its shell will become quite soft, so that it may be extended lengthwise without breaking, then insert it in the neck of a small bottle and on pouring cold water upon it, it will assume its former figure and hardness. This is really a curiosity, and baffles those who are not in the secret, to find out how it is accomplished.

## WHERE THE SUN GAINS A DAY.

Chatham Islands, lying off the east coast of New Zealand, in the South Pacific Ocean, is peculiarly situated, as it is one of the few habitable points of the globe where the day of the week changes. It is just on the line of the demarcation between dates. There high twelve on Sunday, or Sunday noon, ceases, and instantly Monday meridian begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side, and becomes Monday by the time it passes out of the western door. A man sits down to his noonday dinner on Sunday, and it is Monday noon before he finishes it. *There Saturday is Sunday and Sunday is Monday and Monday becomes suddenly transferred into Tuesday.*

## AT THE FIRESIDE.

At nightfall, by the firelight's cheer,  
My little Margaret sits me near,  
And begs me tell of things that were,  
When I was little just like her.

Ah! little lips, you touch the spring  
Of sweetest, sad remembering,  
And hearth and heart flash aglow  
With ruddy tints of long ago.

I sit at my father's fireside sit,  
Youngest of all who circle it,  
And beg him tell me what did he,  
When he was little just like me?

—*The Nursery.*

## DIDN'T THINK.

Opening the door of a friend's house one day, I made my way through the entry to a small back court, where Ned, the only son, was crying bitterly.

"Ah, Ned, what is the matter?"

"Mother won't let me go fishing. Harry and Tom are going to the harbor, and I want to go." Here Ned kicked his toes angrily against the post to the great danger of his new boots.

"Whose little dog is this?" I asked, as a brown spaniel came bounding up the garden walk.

"It is mine," cried Ned in altered tone. Didn't you know I had one?"

"No, indeed. What a fine fellow. Where did you get him, Ned?"

"Father bought him for me. He is so knowing, and I teach him many things. See him find my knife," and Ned, wiping away his tears, threw his knife into the clover. "There Wag," said he, "now go and find my knife." Wag plunged into the grass, and, after a great deal of smelling and wagging, he came triumphantly forth, and brought the knife to his young master.

"Give it to him," said Ned, pointing to me; and Wag laid it at my feet.

"This is a knife worth having," said I; "four blades."

"Tis a real good one," said Ned; "father gave it to me on my birthday; and he gave me a splendid box of tools, too." Ned looked up brightly and quite forgot his crying.

"Let me think," said I. "Was it this knife that hurt your foot so with?"

"Oh, no," cried Ned, "that was done with the axe; but I've got well now."

"I was afraid you would be laid up all the Spring."

"Well, it was mother's nursing, the doctor says. Mother and father took great care of me. It was lonely staying in the house so; but mother used to leave work and read to me, and father often stayed with me."

"I should think you had very kind parents, Ned." The boy looked down on the floor, and a slight pout puckered his lips. "I suppose there are none who have your interest and happiness so much at heart."

"But I want to go fishing," muttered Ned.

"And can't you trust them, Ned, and willingly agree to their wishes? You may not know the reason why they object to your going; but, from all your experience of their kindness and wisdom, are you not sure that they would not cross your wishes without good reason for doing so? And, surrounded as you are by so many proofs of their love, will you sit there and murmur and cry, and fill your heart with angry and stubborn thoughts, because of one little denial of your wants? Is not this a poor and ungrateful return for their kindness? It is little enough that a child can do for a parent, and that little he ought to do most cheerfully. I suppose, the best return a child can make to parents is a cheerful obedience. How small that seems! And will you grudge giving that, Ned?"

Ned looked sober. Tears started in his eyes. "Oh sir," said he humbly, "I didn't think of all this—I didn't think of it."

"Didn't think," is at the bottom of a great deal of our ingratitude and murmuring against both our earthly parents and our Father who is in heaven.—*Children's Friend.*

## WILL READ EITHER WAY.

Our young friends have heard of palindromes—words or lines that read and spell the same backward or forward. The following sentences printed in *London Truth*, simply read word by word either way so as to make good sense.

"Solomon had vast treasures—silver and gold—things precious. Happy and rich and wise was he. Faithfully served he God.

"She sits lamenting sadly, often too much alone."

"Man is noble and generous often, sometimes vain and cowardly."

"Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable."

## Pleasantries.

A daily chicken train has been started on the Pennsylvania Railroad. They have a passenger Cochin in the rear and a locomotive to pull.

The man who bragged all summer about being a good skater has switched off from that topic and is now telling the boys what a 'hoss' he is to bind wheat.

A quack doctor heads his advertisement: "Ho, all ye dyspeptics?" That's just what dyspeptics won't do. If they would all hoe vigorously, they might not need any medicine.

We are liable to write the date of the old year for the first week or two in January. It comes rather hard on the young man who is married in September, and who writes an affectionate letter to an old and discarded girl, dates it January 1, 1882, and gets sued for breach of promise, because of his ex post facto indiscretion.

A Dog and his Tail fell into a Dispute as to which should Wag the Other. An itinerant Wasp, passing that Way, casually remarked: "Speaking of Tails reminds me that I possess one which may possibly be influential enough to Wag you Both." This fable teaches that ten cents' worth of Dynamite is a bigger man than a Church Steeple.

Household Hints:—A pretty ornament for a window sash is an old hat. Ram in up to the brim and trim with Hamburg edging.—Never ask for soup twice. It is very ill bid to sit at the theatre and call out, "Soup! Soup!"—A lovely toilet cushion can be evolved from a large white turnip; trim with Honiton lace, brass bugles, and passementerie, fluted up the back and gored in the centre with a polonaise of gunny bagging and demi-train of crash towelling cut pompadour. This will make a simple but tasteful addition to the toilet table.

## THE MESSENGER.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
REV. A. R. KREMER,  
REV. D. R. LADY,  
REV. H. H. W. HIBSCHMAN, D. D.,  
SYNDICAL EDITORS.

To CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects, and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1883.

## DEATH OF THREE MINISTERS.

We are called upon this week to record the death of three ministers of our Church. Some years ago an eminent divine told us that if we would go to the most remote corner of an old book-store in this city, and look at the last sentence of the last book on the lower end shelf we would be apt to be impressed by it as he had been. We went and read this declaration of Scripture: "The night cometh when no man can work."

We have thought of these words a thousand times since, and especially during the last few weeks, for the friend who directed us to them in that place has just passed away himself, and now that so many of our fellow-laborers are falling around us, it behoves us all to remember them: "The night cometh when no man can work."

Rev. Jacob Weaver died at Sidney, Shelby county, Ohio, on the 28th of December, 1882, aged seventy-two years. The *Christian World* of Jan. 11th, contains a history of his life which we will transfer to our columns.

Rev. H. A. Friedel, pastor of Zwingli Reformed church, Harrisburg, died at that place on the 15th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., and was buried on the 18th inst. Rev. J. H. Pannebecker of Elizabethtown, preached an appropriate sermon in the German language from 2 Kings 13: 14. Dr. Theodore Appel gave a sketch of the life of the deceased, which we hope he will furnish for the *MESSENGER*. Rev. G. M. Snyder spoke of his intercourse with him as a Christian minister. Rev. A. F. Stauffer of Hummelstown and Rev. W. H. H. Snyder of Salem church, Harrisburg, took part in the services. Revs. W. H. H. Snyder, A. S. Stauffer, J. H. Pannebecker, and Geo. M. Snyder, acted as pall bearers.

Rev. A. J. Whitmore died suddenly of typhoid pneumonia, near Lexington, Virginia, on the 16th inst. His funeral took place on Saturday last at St. Michael's Church, Rockingham county, Va. Rev. B. R. Carnahan, who sends us this brief notice, has promised us an account of Bro. Whitmore's life and labors.

Dr. Bomberger writes that the winter term of Ursinus College has opened encouragingly. On the evening of Friday, Jan. 12th, the anniversary of the Schaff Literary Society attracted an immense crowd and gave great satisfaction. We are glad to hear it.

A society which has for its aim the taking of the gospel to those who will not come to the Churches to hear it, has commenced holding religious services in the Theatres in this city. The first service of the kind was held in the Bijou theatre, Eighth and Vine Streets, on the 7th inst. Rev. J. E. Johnson, rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, conducted the worship, and Dr. McVickar of the Church of the Holy Trinity preached the sermon. We would like to see a fair experiment made in this matter, and think it will do good if it is kept under the direction of regular ministers of established character. The mistake has been that these movements have so often been committed to incompetent men—mere exhorters, full of zeal, but not fitted to stand at the helm. The work proposed requires more care and judgment than preaching to regularly organized congregations.

According to the accounts given of the meetings held thus far the place was largely filled with Church goers who had left their regular places of worship and gone to the theatre from mere curiosity. This should be discouraged by all Christians. The services are intended for the poor, the blind and the halt of the highways and hedges, and unless a man's mission in compelling them to come in requires it, he should not leave his own table and go where he may crowd others from the feast that is spread for them.

Two hundred years ago Louis XIV. declared that he would sweep Protestants

and Protestantism from France; but, a Protestant Church has just been built upon the site of his Chapel at Versailles.

We learn from a card published in the *Christian World* that Rev. David Winters, D. D., has served Mt. Zion congregation, near Dayton, Ohio, during the whole length of his ministerial life, which is about sixty years. That is the longest pastorate we know of in our Church, and it is no wonder that the old Ohio pioneer was affectionately remembered when the tokens of good will were distributed at Christmas.

There are now eleven ministers of our Church who were ordained over fifty years ago. The oldest of these in years and ministry is Dr. Dietrich Willers of Fayette, Seneca County, New York. The others are Drs. David Winters, David Kemmerer, John C. Bucher, and John W. Nevin, and Revs. Jesse B. Kuipe, John G. Fritchey, John Pence, John Gring, Henry King, and Henry S. Bassler.

We would like to be present if these fathers could get together and have an experience meeting. Their lives have been somewhat divergent in that they have lived in different sections of the country, but the history they could give of the outward state of the Church half a century ago, and of the changes and progress made since, would be very interesting.

The magnitude of the liquor traffic is often shown by setting forth the fabulous sums spent for strong drink, and people have some general conception of the misery the intoxicating cup brings; but we have not seen anything lately that more fully illustrates the debasing heartlessness which the appetite produces than a statement of the Montreal *Gazette*. It says, that not long ago a once respectable citizen of that place opened his little daughter's tiny "bank" in spite of her tears not to take her "Kistmas money" and got drunk on the twenty-six cents it contained. If any one can read the statement without being touched by it, we pity him.

Some years ago Sir John Lubbock spent a long time in domesticating a wasp. He tried to tame it, and just when he thought he had succeeded, it stung him. We lately noted that the same distinguished entomologist had watched one of these little creatures and found that from four o'clock in the morning to a quarter to eight at night, she visits the bait of honey one hundred and fifteen times, taking no rest or intermission. Putting that and this together, we suppose the lesson taught is that insects with pointed poisonous business-end attachments may yet be very industrious.

January 14th was the 15th anniversary of Rev. J. Spangler Kieffer's pastorate in Hagerstown, Maryland. He preached a sermon from the text, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." A correspondent speaks of the discourse as a very touching and edifying review of the speaker's ministry, and remarks upon the fact that if preachers only knew the good their regular sermons do in saving their hearers from wandering and in establishing them in the faith, they would be greatly encouraged. This is true of all humble servants of God. Often they have been doing most when they fear they have been doing least, and when the labor of life is over and the sun breaks through the clouds, they will find as they look back, that the brightest spots are those at which they wept and trembled.

Hon. Wm. S. Stenger, who has been appointed Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, graduated at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, in 1858. While at school he was distinguished as a writer and speaker, and has sustained his reputation in the wider arena ever since. He was admitted to the bar in 1860, and served as District Attorney of Franklin County during three terms extending from 1862 to 1871. He has served two terms in the National House of Representatives, and will bring to his new duties marked ability and experience. No one will rejoice more in his successful career than his old school-mates.

There seems to be liberality enough in one way among the pastors of different denominations, in Toronto, Canada. Forty-seven of them changed pulpits on a recent Sunday evening.

The meeting held in this city on last Thursday evening, to celebrate the anniversary of the adoption of the Heidelberg Catechism was well attended and proved very interesting. Addresses were made by

Drs. Klopp, Van Horne and Davis, and by Rev. Jas. I. Good, pastor of the Heidelberg Church, in which the meeting was held.

A postal card from the late Dr. Krauth, which is now invested with peculiar interest for us, from the fact that it may contain the last words he ever wrote, states that his poem set to music, with his own hearty approval for the Christmas number of the *MESSENGER*, was in imitation of the Danish, and not a translation from anything in that language.

## THE BELL-WETHERS.

Once upon a time a man thought he was in a pleasant sequestered place where there were about sixty fine-looking sheep; and it was in the days when animals could think and talk and act like men. Indeed these sheep could read and write, and smoke segars and chew tobacco, and do a great many things of which *Aesop* never dreamed.

And of the sixty sheep, thirty were Bell-wethers, and they had come together to talk about the flocks they led; and each one had an attendant. And the Bell-wether of the fold in which they had assembled, gave them a hearty welcome and introduced them to the sheep under his care, who were very polite to them and fed them three times a day, and gave them the softest places to lie in; and the young bucks had a great deal of innocent enjoyment with the ewes of the neighborhood, and many of the older sheep thought the visiting Bell-wethers were better than their own, because they had nothing to do but make themselves agreeable.

Well, the meeting was organized. One of the members, who was permanent secretary, called the roll, and a venerable Bell-wether was elected president, and another treasurer; and the new president adjusted his spectacles and made a speech. He said he was thankful for the honor conferred upon him; indeed he had never been so much affected by anything in his long life. He hoped the partiality which had chosen him to preside, would lead his brethren to be patient with his imperfections, as he was sure that any error into which he might fall would be one of the head and not of the heart. He had noted at former convocations that the members had all bleated at one time, and got to butting one another, but in these piping days of peace he hoped nothing of the kind would be known.

And then all the members of the convention wiped their eyes and congratulated one another on the dawn of better times and settled down to business. And every Bell-wether was required to give the number of his sheep, and account for the way he had performed his duty towards them, and also bring up some offering for sheep that dwelt in barren wastes and had no Bell-wethers. And then each attendant was asked about the matter, and some of them said the flocks were not attended to. And the Bell-wethers acknowledged this, but said that their flocks were too large; they had six or seven of them, and they were scattered over miles of territory, and they could not find time to visit them, and seldom saw them except when one of them died, or a couple of them were married. He could not bring anything to help the sheep that dwelt in barren wastes and had no Bell-wethers.

Then the secretary opened his book and said this complaint was an old one, and that at a former meeting it had been determined that these large flocks ought to have more Bell-wethers, and that committees had been appointed to attend to the matter. And then this subject was laid on the table until all the reports were made, and the unfinished business of the last year taken up. And when this item was reached again some of the Bell-wethers looked very happy, and said their flocks had been divided, and put under the care of additional Bell-wethers, and all the sheep even to the little lambs, were fed and housed, and one half of their former flocks had done more for the destitute sheep in far off places than the whole had done before.

But some of the Bell-wethers had not regarded the instructions given them, or even their own pledges. One of them had reasoned thus: If the whole of my large flock does so little for me, one half of it will do nothing. But it will not do for me to go back on what I have said; so I will incite opposition among the sheep and put the responsibility and the blame on them. And he went home and acted very mysteriously before the flock; he was reticent and sad, like one who had a great

concern upon his mind, but when asked about it he said he did not wish to talk much, lest he might be regarded as selfish. But it leaked out at last that the flock was to be divided, and the Bell-wethers spoke ominously about it as if there were hidden evils behind the movement, which he did not care to disclose. At last when the sheep belonging to the flock became curious and excited over the matter, he told them piously that he had yielded to the judgment of the assembled Bell-wethers, because they might possibly know much more about his flocks than he did himself, and he still wanted the action taken, although it would almost kill him to give any of them up; and he told them what separations of families there would be, and how relations, that had existed for generations, would be broken up. And he took some of the younger sheep whom he had not seen since they were born, and called them his lambs, and talked to them like a father who is about to get a stepmother for his children, and hopes she will more than take the place of a departed one. And all the sheep commenced to bleat piteously and said they did not want any changes, and that no other Bell-wether could serve them as well. And then he told them they must not grieve after him; he was willing to be put aside and sacrificed for the good of the flock, and his only fear was that they might have to work themselves to death to support the new Bell-wether, because there would be only half as many of them and they would have to do twice as much.

And then all the sheep of the flock ceased to bleat piteously, and commenced to bleat defiantly, and said no convocation of Bell-wethers should impose on them. And all the older sheep of the flock went to the extreme border of the field and stood with their heads out ready to butt any strange Bell-wether that came near, and when the committee of Bell-wethers came to do their work, they were treated very rudely, and the resident Bell-wether said, "I am agreed to divide—yea, I want it, but you see the disposition of my flock."

And all this had just been told to the convocation of sheep which the man saw, and the Bell-wether who heard these things said of him got very angry for one who was to be an example for the flock, especially in days of peace; and he put down his head and defied all the rest to run their heads against it; and he ran back and then forward, gave one or two of the other Bell-wethers such tremendous butts that it made a great noise like the cracking of skulls.

And the man was startled—from a dream. He found that he had fallen asleep in a meeting of Classis, and was awakened by the loud demonstrations of a minister who had pretended that he wanted his charge divided when he didn't.

But the man who dreamed the dream could not remember where all this took place, and he waited to see if any minister would raise a fuss about it when it was told, and no one did so for fear that people might think he had been hit.

## HOW TO TAKE A CITY.

It may be done by making a bold dash, marching right in and taking immediate possession. This is the best way, if the objection on the part of citizens and defenders is not too formidable. Usually, however, the coveted city can only be possessed by slow approaches, long sieges, patient waiting.

Much has been said concerning mission work and establishing the Church—with us, the Reformed branch of it—in cities and large towns. The subject is important. We will not here repeat the arguments that have been advanced in favor of making commercial and social centers strongholds of the Church. We are fully under conviction in regard to this. It would be a good thing if we as a denomination were well established in more of such places than we are. The only question is—how can it be done?

By a bold dash—provided a leader can be found who has the genius for such work. But as geniuses are rare, the next best thing to do is, doubtless, to *dig your way* till you get there. To speak plainly, and not in parables, overrun the surrounding country (parable again) and possess some of that. Build chapels at points three, five or more miles in all directions from the city or town, and of course along the railroads, at a cost of from \$500 to \$1000 each. Then go right in and preach the gospel according to the Bible and Heidelberg catechism, and every chapel will be filled. We speak from experience when we say that the Reformed Church is

a power in the sober, unartificial and hard sense rural districts; and no modern sect can stand before it. People will put up with "new measures" and the accompanying fanaticism for a time, and then become heartily disgusted with the whole thing, when they will either drop religion altogether, or turn in where the gospel of "decently and in order" and apostolic churchly doctrine and practice is maintained and intelligently preached. In process of time the whole country around becomes alive with the old and even new Reformed Church people, and the town feels and acknowledges their influence. Then the march into town will be easy—not by an unknown candidate for metropolitan favors, but by a people well known at commercial quarters and in the social circles. Some of these Reformed people move to town, others come, and others still, and then the Reformed Church-spires points heavenward.

This is no fiction. It is fact, realized in many places by our own, but especially other churches. Take the Virginia Valley for illustration as to what *ought* to be done in this way. From Harper's Ferry to Woodstock is a glorious section of country, sixty miles long and about fifteen wide, in which it would pay from the start to build a dozen Reformed chapels at once. Eight thousand dollars would foot the bill. Every one of these chapels would be well attended—and we say from certain knowledge that they are needed. Three new missionary pastors could do the work in them, and in five years hence this part of the Valley would echo in every part with the voice of praise uttered by our own people.

The great want is a house of worship—in places innumerable—and a wide awake missionary for every three or four of them. A five hundred dollar chapel would be sufficient, in many instances, and if our people who have enough and to spare would erect it, the congregation coming after can do the rest—build a fine church. But, for the present, there are wanted hundreds of inexpensive chapels and hundreds of zealous missionaries. The subject is too important and practical to be dropped here.

We have received from Rev. Dr. E. E. Higbee, Superintendent, his report of Public Instruction in Pennsylvania, for 1882. It makes a volume of 434 pages. A summary of the statistics it contains and of the measures advocated will be found in another column.

The Minutes of the United States, Pittsburgh, and Potomac Synods have been issued. We should have announced this last week but thought copies would be in the hands of those entitled to receive them by the time the *MESSENGER* reached them.

The *Guardian* for February has left the press. The table of contents will be found among our Book Notices. It is an excellent number. Apart from the admirable Sunday-school Lessons, the reading matter is fresh and instructive, and we heartily commend the work to the Church.

Rev. H. A. Binkley sends us thirty-six new subscribers for the *MESSENGER* from the Taneytown Charge, Carroll county, Maryland. Rev. P. A. Long is the pastor. Well done.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER Annual for 1883, published by N. W. AYER AND SON, Times Building, 8th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, will prove to be a wonderful help to business men, not only in showing them how and where to advertise, but in giving them a vast amount of information in regard to the business places, prospects, etc. It is a large volume of 832 pages chock full of facts and figures so well classified and arranged as to be available at any moment. Very few persons realize the amount of labor and expense put upon it, or what a treasury of statistical knowledge it is.

## Communications.

## LETTER FROM JAPAN.

The following letter from our Foreign Missionary to Dr. Thomas S. Johnston, secretary of the Board of Commissioners, comes to us as we are about closing our columns.

MISSION HOUSE, Tokio, Japan, November 26, 1882.

Dear Doctor:—Since my last letter to you, a number of little things have occurred in my work which may be of interest to you, and those interested in the work of the Church in Japan. We spent a month in Yokohama during the hot weather and found the change very refreshing. We came back to the Mission House much improved in general life, and we soon set to work,

During my absence my old teacher kept up the Sunday-school, and I found when I returned that he had taught them about the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. I started again on the old plan, with the exception of one change, that was the leaving the pulpit, and coming down among the people on the floor. I soon felt that I was too far off from the people in my pulpit, and that it would be of most service to my hearers if I must sit down on the mat with them, and preach in a more direct way, by question and answer. Since then I have not been in my pulpit, and it may be some time before I shall get into it again. I am inclined to think that this latter plan is the best for a heathen people. Well the first sermon I preached in this way was on a rainy Sunday morning to a student of the Chinese school. It was cold, and we sat around the hibache—a little square box with charcoal fire—and with this one man and my teacher, we opened the service with a hymn, prayer and reading of the Scriptures, after which, I asked him to read from a book I gave him, and so, as he read verse after verse, I tried to explain it to him, and in this way we continued through the service of an hour, which we closed as we began. He seemed to be very much pleased, and so were we. Truly where two or three are met together in His name there is He in the midst of them. I came away very much blessed by our meeting, and on my way home through the long busy streets I could not help thinking of the audience I had, how small, and yet how great, for there was one immortal soul before me as my audience, and one soul is more than the whole world in importance, and this gave me sweet satisfaction, and I felt that so long as I had but one person to preach to, there is no reason to be discouraged. I go to my preaching place every Sunday morning, no matter what kind of weather, indeed, there is more likelihood of having men to preach to, if it rains, than when the weather is fine. I have met quite a number of different persons, and have had a good talk with all of them. I have a floating audience, but this cannot be helped; they seem to hear enough the first time to do them for two or three months, and then they come again. I think people do not like to tell that they are sinners, and that unless they repent of their sins, and believe on Christ Jesus, they will most certainly be lost. But this is what I never fail to bring in, somewhere in my talks, and this is the rock of offence to many. I will write again soon, and continue to the end of what I have to say.

Yours in Christ,

A. D. GRING.

#### DEPARTMENT OF HOME MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

#### Chicago, III.

In a correspondence with Rev. S. Mease, D. D., of Chicago, we learn that he has, incidentally, met sixteen members of the Reformed Church who would go into an English organization, if started in the city. A number of these are men of business and influence; men who would make good workers in the church. There is no need to argue the propriety of commencing our work in Chicago, as a church, for we can all see the propriety of such a course. But let us consider this: Can not ten Congregational Missionary Societies be found in our four English Synods which will give one hundred dollars each, in order to place a missionary in Chicago? We believe this can be done. And what a monument this would be for our missionary societies. Let every one who reads this do all he can to carry out this plan. This would bring the missionary societies of the East and West shoulder to shoulder. The *Herald* and *Sentinel* are there and we can truly say, "Lord, it is good to be here." Now all who can give us any hopes of success, in this plan, will please address S. P. Myers, Tiffin, O., and give all the information which can possibly be given. We will try and get this plan to work. No doubt much good would result from the plan, if carried out, not only by having a mission supported in Chicago, but also by bringing our missionary societies nearer into the same line of action. It is not probable that the Mission Boards will be able to send a man to Chicago very soon.

Now, my dear workers in one common cause, do not be afraid to speak out, but go to work and see what can be done.

S. P. M.

#### Items.

The Rev. Gottfried Gradel, late from Basel, Switzerland, was duly examined and licensed by the Classis of Oregon, on the 1st and 2d of December last, and on the 3rd ordained and installed as pastor of the Eben-Ezer church at Meridian, in Clackamas county. He takes the place of Pastor Lange, who remained at his post, in declining health, still preaching on Sunday and teaching the youth five days in the week, so as to train them in the way they should go until his successor arrived. He has now laid down the shepherd's staff, and regards himself as an emeritus. He proposes to remain in Oregon until the mild weather of spring before he returns to his fatherland. We hope, when he makes the journey across the continent, he will stop and see us on his way. Many friends in the East will be glad to see him.

The ladies in Dr. Callender's charge in Rockingham county, Va., are not indifferent to the calls made on them for the relief of missionaries and their families, as the cold winter sets in. For some time past they have been gathering together useful articles for one of our missionaries in the Far West, who traverses the prairies in search of the scattered sheep, oftentimes not knowing how far he will be able to keep and cherish his own flock at home. We suppose that by this time these gifts of love are on their way to the "Father of Waters." The ladies in Pastor Sangree's charge, Alexandria, in this State, have already shipped their annual box, which, as it did not have to travel so far, reached its destination before Christmas. This is not the first of the kind from this source. Such gifts are encouraging to missionaries and duly appreciated.

Brother Shuey reports neither to the *Herald* or the *Sentinel*, from which we infer that he is so busy that he does not find time even to write postals. We, however, occasionally catch a glimpse of his whereabouts. When we last heard about him he was in Maryland, and had secured in bona-fide subscriptions over \$800 for the Emporia Mission. Some persons fear that he will interfere with our regular missionary contributions. We presume not. Pastors and consistories will doubtless look after that, so that Paul is not robbed to pay Peter, or vice versa.

The Rev. J. M. Souder recently resigned his position as missionary at New Castle, Pa. He had started this mission a few years ago; succeeded in building it up beyond our expectations; worked hard in securing it for a house of worship encumbered with little or no debt, and then, believing that some one else could be more useful than he in the near future, concluded to withdraw from the field. The pastoral charge that secures the services of Bro. Souder will, we are sure, be fortunate.

The Rev. J. P. Stein says a new interest has been awakened in the West Philadelphia Mission; but he seems to be fully alive to the difficulties with which his work is environed. His attendance is good, and the Christmas services were refreshing. He thinks a new church in better locality would be a decided advantage to the mission, in which the Board concurs with him. If, therefore, the present property could be disposed of to advantage—without too much loss—and the mission could make a new start in a new place, it would give it a new impulse in its progress. It must come to that sooner or later; and, as it seems to us, it would be well for the mission to come to the conclusion to fit it out on that line. But in such matters, as in other things, we must not move too fast nor too slow, but follow as Providence leads.

Rev. A. R. Kremer, of Winchester, Va., says the mission at W. is looking up, but the Board must have patience. The corner-stone of the new chapel in the country was to have been laid already in November; but it was discovered in time, that no good title could be given for the ground on which it was to be built, and so it was abandoned. A lot of ground, however, near by, owned by Mr. Zinn, chairman of the Building Committee, was procured as a gift, and the new building now will not rise until spring. Then Mr. Zinn expects to burn a kiln of brick for a new house of his own, and he proposes this delay, so that he may burn enough brick for the chapel. This will be economy in more ways than one, as the brick-kiln will be quite near the spot selected for the chapel. Of course the building will now be Reformed, not Union, owned by everybody. Delays are not always an evil.

Pastor H. Staus, West Union, Washington county, (not Stafford county), Oregon, heartily thanks our dear Reformed Zion for its gift of \$175, his appropriation last year, and for the small addition which the Board has made to it for the coming year. The labors of the missionaries have of late been very much interrupted by excessive rains, which have swollen the streams in Oregon, more than has been witnessed by the pastor for many years. This makes it difficult for the good shepherd for the present to look after his sheep, out in the mountain and valley.

The Rev. E. H. Dieffenbacher, of the Sulphur Springs Mission, Bedford county, Pa., says that the Mount Pleasant congregation lately purchased a new stove.—The Dry Ridge congregation expects to put up a new church in the spring, or as soon as they can get \$1,000 pledged for this purpose. Over \$900 have thus far been subscribed. It is the intention not to incur any debt.—Mount Zion's congregation has succeeded in paving off all its indebtedness—a little over \$70—just in time to keep the sheriff away. The mission is now free of debt.—A systematic plan of benevolence has been adopted in each congregation, which promises the best results. And further, the pastor received \$10 from the Christmas tree, which has enabled him to secure an article much needed in such a country as Bedford county, a buffalo robe.

St. Paul's Reformed Mission in New York, under Pastor Fox, a short time ago repaired and renovated its old house of worship, something which was very much needed. One of its members, Elder John Ruk, is a contractor, has a good many persons engaged in building houses, and says to one, do this, and to another, do that; and so he told some of them to repair his church as a part of his contracts, and it was accordingly done without any cost to the mission. That was well thought over—vortsichtig—and one, whom he will never forget now, no doubt, looks down upon it from the upper world with her eyes beaming with joy at this good act to the mission which she still loves. The building may need some further improvement by and by, or, possibly it may be replaced by another in some other place; and this, no doubt, will be done, provided pastor and people are permitted to work together for a while longer, with an eye single to the glory of God and the advancement of the true faith.

#### THE SCHOOLS OF THE STATE.

Superintendent Higbee's annual report, submitted to the Legislature, shows: Number of school districts in the state, 2,215; number of schools, 19,183; graded schools, 7,812; school directors, 15,625; superintendents, 102; male teachers, 9,051; female teachers, 12,778; average salaries of male teachers per month, \$35.12; female teachers, \$28.89; average length of school terms in months, 6.99; number of pupils, 945,345; average number of pupils 611,317; cost of tuition, \$4,863,717.91; cost of building, purchasing and renting, \$1,329,232.03; cost of fuel, contingencies and interest paid, \$2,058,294.64; expenditures of all kinds, \$8,263,214.54; State appropriation, \$1,000,000; estimated value of school property, \$23,341,560. As compared with the preceding year, the increase in number of districts is 7; schools, 348; graded schools, 555; decrease in number of male teachers, 308; increase in number of female teachers, 785; increase of salary of male teachers per month, \$1.49; decrease of salary of female teachers, 14; increase of length of school term in months, .11; increase in number of pupils, 13,596; increase in cost of tuition, \$14,701.41; increase in cost of building, purchasing and renting, \$22,220.90; increase in cost of fuel contingencies, debt and interest paid, \$59,617.26; increase in value of school property, \$1,736,239.

In Philadelphia there were 2,113 schools, 81 male teachers and 2,032 female teachers. The average salaries of male teachers were \$120.53 per month and of female teachers \$37.90. The number of pupils at the close of the year was 102,185 and the average attendance 91,894. Amount paid for teachers' salaries, \$1,032,638.39; for houses, additions and repairs, \$89,876.59; books, stationery, fuel and contingencies, \$370,381.64; annual appropriation by Councils, \$1,438,849.47; valuation of school property, \$6,500,000. Of the \$1,000,000 appropriated to the schools by the State, \$32,900 were paid to normal students, \$327,047.92 to Philadelphia and to districts having city or borough superintendents, and \$80,323.25 to county superintendents. The balance of \$560,328.77, was distributed among 2,181 districts, at the rate of 76 4-5 cents per taxable, except in the counties of Allegheny, Clarion, Clearfield, Elk, Lehigh, McKean, Montgomery, Schuylkill, Venango and Wayne, in which the rate per taxable was somewhat less, owing to a portion of the funds being used to increase the salaries of county superintendents. Of the amounts appropriated to the various cities and boroughs for school purposes, Philadelphia received \$185,550.37; Allegheny City, \$14,523; Pittsburgh, \$29,896.78. The expenses of the department were \$16,700, of which \$1,200 were paid in salaries. The appropriations to normal schools since their establishment have been about \$1,150,000.

Among the recommendations the Superintendent makes are the following: That the school buildings be improved as to comfort and sanitary regulation; that the law fixing the minimum term of five months for school teaching be increased to six months; that there be a change in

the distribution of the State appropriation—that it be divided among the districts on the base of average number of school children in attendance instead of according to the number of taxables; that there be a careful and frequent supervision of schools; that legislation be had for the improvement of the certificate system; that the school laws be codified; that a law be passed requiring schools to be closed during the week in which the county institute is held, and that all contracts between Directors and school teachers as to time and wages while institutes are in progress be forbidden; that a law be passed authorizing School Boards to submit the question of purchasing school books to the voters not often than once in three years, at an election for School Directors, requiring an affirmative vote of a majority of all the taxables to sanction the purchase of books by School Board. The superintendent opposes a strictly compulsory school law at this time. He acknowledges the necessity of the normal schools as a part of the educational work of the State.—*Public Opinion*.

#### BUCKEYSTOWN, FREDERICK CO., MD.

Maryland Classis, at its last annual meeting, authorized Rev. W. H. Skyles, pastor of Jefferson charge, in connection with the Reconstruction Committee to organize a congregation at Buckeystown, Frederick county, Md. This organization was effected on Sunday afternoon, January 14. Rev. T. F. Hoffmeier, chairman of the Reconstruction Committee, presided, and Pastor Skyles acted as secretary. The meeting was held in the M. E. Church of Buckeystown, in which, by the courtesy of the congregation, Bro. Skyles has for some time been holding occasional services. The church on this occasion was filled. Between twenty and thirty entered into the organization, which took the name of "The St. John's Reformed Church of Buckeystown, Frederick county, Md."

A constitution was adopted, and officers were elected, ordained and installed. After this, the chairman delivered an address to the members of the newly organized congregation upon their privileges and duties. The choir of the Reformed church at Adamstown furnished the music for the occasion. The new congregation is at present attached to the Jefferson charge, but will form one member of a new charge soon to be constituted out of part of the Jefferson charge.

There are other points in Frederick county where congregations ought to be organized, and other charges that ought to be divided. We hope that the commendable example set by the Buckeystown people and the Jefferson charge will soon be followed by others.

T. F. H.

#### THE NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

A Mass Meeting, under the auspices of the National Indian Association, will be held in Association Hall, 15th and Chestnut streets, on Tuesday, January 30th, at 8 P. M. The Right Rev. Bishops Simpson, Stevens and Nicholson, and the Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D. D., will take part in the exercises. Herbert Welsh, Esq., who has recently, in various cities, addressed large and enthusiastic audiences upon the Indian question, will be the speaker of the evening. The Hon. John Welsh and other distinguished citizens and clergymen will be present. Choice selections of sacred music will be rendered by the combined Choirs of Rev. Dr. Hornberger's church, 200 voices under Prof. Heely.

You and your friends are specially invited to be present.

A. S. QUINTON,  
General Secretary.

#### Church News.

#### OUR OWN CHURCH.

#### Synod of the United States.

Rev. Wm. W. Clouser has been kindly remembered by the White Deer charge, of which he is pastor. Besides the gifts handed to him from the Christmas tree, he has had a surprise visit from his people. These visits, it appears, have occurred annually ever since he has been in that field, and this year useful articles, valued at \$50, were brought. These substantial tokens of regard are fully appreciated.

During the past months, mechanics have made extensive improvements in the audience-room of Trinity Reformed church, Pottsville. Gothic windows with beautiful emblems, colored and fancy glass, are in place of the old square frames. The walls are covered with handsome decorations, the pews in walnut color, and the floor laid with an elegant carpet. Among the chancel adornments are a handsome altar-cloth, Bible-markers and hymn and text tables. In beauty and comfort this room compares favorably with more costly churches in the town. The re-opening services were appropriate and large audiences present. The pastor had the assistance of resident ministers, who spoke words of praise and encouragement. The choir rendered excellent music, and all the people sang from the new hymn book. In this congregation, Rev. J. P. Stein spent eleven years of his ministerial activity. His labors may not have fully ripened for the sickle, under his immediate pastorate, but his successor gladly bears testimony to a faithful seed-time. In grace as in nature; one soweth, another reapeth. A special blessing seems to abide on this people, and they fully realize their convenient season.

Rev. Geo. H. Johnston informs us that the debt on Christ Church, in this city, has not been entirely extinguished as might be inferred from our statement two weeks ago. There yet remains a little over \$3,000 unprovided for, but that amount is so small compared with the load that rested upon the congregation until lately, that it need not be the ground of discouragement. Bro. Johnston says over \$41,000 of indebtedness has been removed during the last two years.

#### Pittsburg Synod.

The following painful item comes to us from the clerk of the Allegheny Classis, under official seal:—At a special meeting of Allegheny Classis, held at Harmony, Butler county, Pa., beginning December 12, 1882, after a fair and impartial trial, defended by able counsel, Rev. John McConnel, of Westmoreland Classis, and Elder Boush, of St. Paul's Classis, and after making admission as to the truth of two of the specifications, Rev. F. A. Edmonds was found guilty under the charge of *Falseshood*, preferred against him by Allegheny Classis, and was in consequence suspended from the gospel ministry until he gives evidence of penitence.

In connection with the holiday communions in the Beaver charge, held on Dec. 31, 1882, and January 7, 1883, 26 persons were received into the full communion of the church, 24 by confirmation, after having been catechized since last April, and 2 by renewal of profession. Nine added at the fall communions, make an addition of 35 since last spring. A number of these are heads of families.

Appropriate services were held in both congregations on Christmas day. On Saturday

evening before Christmas there was a Sunday-school celebration in the St. Paul's church. The church was beautifully decorated. Gifts were given to all the Sunday-school pupils, and teachers, as also to the pastors, Reformed and Lutheran.

Rev. S. Z. Beam writes: Communion was held at St. Peter's Church, December 31, 1882. Four persons were received. I assisted Rev. A. W. J. Best, at Scottsdale, January 7th. Three persons were received. The Scottsdale church has been thoroughly repaired, painted outside and frescoed inside. Two new chandeliers were put in. The pulpits and chancel are carpeted, and matting is laid in the aisles, so that the church now is quite handsome and comfortable. Bro. Best informs me that he has a class of catechumens numbering about 20, and some formerly disaffected members have returned to duty. Altogether, therefore, things look hopeful at Scottsdale.

#### Synod of the Potomac.

From *Public Opinion* we learn that Rev. Wm. C. Cremer, of Chambersburg, was lately presented with a fine wrapper and a dictionary-holder, by the members of his Bible class, with whom he is very popular.

The Boonsboro Times says:—On Friday evening, 12th inst., Rev. Simon S. Miller, this place, was surprised by a pound party from Funkstown, who came in sleighs. Mr. Miller gave them a cordial reception and a pleasant and social evening was spent together.

#### Synod of Ohio.

A new Reformed church was dedicated four miles west of Fremont, Ohio, on the 31st ult. The old church formerly used by the congregation was owned jointly by the Reformed and Lutheran people. The new one is exclusively Reformed. The church is built of brick and has been finely furnished. A bell weighing 1300 pounds, from the foundry at Troy, has been placed in the tower. The whole cost was \$5,500—the last \$400 of which was provided for on the day of dedication. The pastor, Rev. J. Richards, was assisted by Dr. George W. Willard, who also delivered a lecture on "Infidel objections to Christianity," which is spoken of as able and well timed.

#### Synod of the North-West.

Rev. W. H. Xanders has accepted a call to be pastor of the Reformed church, Mulberry, Indiana, and has already entered on his duties. His post office address is changed from Glen Rock, Pa., to that place. Correspondents will note change.

#### Synod of the North-West.

Mr. Jacob Heyser of Chambersburg, Pa., has accepted the agency of the Board contemplated in the Plan of Life-Membership, subscriptions for THE MESSENGER, and will enter on his duties at the opening of the new year. He is also authorized to solicit contributions for the use of the Board, and to receive subscriptions for the different periodicals of the Board, and orders for the Book Department, and make collections of accounts due the Board, his receipt for the same being valid.

We hope Mr. Heyser will be received and welcomed by the Church, and meet with good success so as to put our publication interest on a good footing.

CHARLES G. FISHER,  
Supt. Ref'd Ch. Pub. Board.

#### OFFER OF PREMIUM FOR TRACT NO. 2.

The undersigned would hereby offer a Premium of TWENTY DOLLARS in gold for the best Tract on "The Work of Missions in the Reformed Church in the United States." Tract must not exceed 1400 words in length.

The committee to whom manuscripts are to be sent and who shall decide as to the one meriting the Premium, consists of Revs. J. O. Miller, D. D., York, Pa.; Theodore Appel, D. D., Lancaster, Pa.; W. H. H. Snyder, Elders W. H. Seibert and Rud. F. Kelker, Harrisburg, Pa.

Manuscripts must be signed by an assumed name and sent to any member of the Committee by January 25, 1883. The assumed name and the real name of the author to be sent to the undersigned. All manuscripts to be the property of the undersigned.

What is desired is a Tract that will, in a brief, practical, and instructive way, best present the subject for the information of the church, and the progress of the work that is before us as a Church.

CHARLES G. FISHER,  
907 Arch Street,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

October 27, 1882.

#### SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS FOR 1883.

Now is the time to make up orders for Sunday-school Help for the coming year. "The Guardian," for teachers; "The Quarterly," for scholars; "Lesson Papers," advanced and primary; "The Child's Treasury," monthly and semi-monthly; and "Sunshine" are equal to any others of the kind, and at prices in keeping with their contents and appearance. The cheapest are not always the best. Specimen copies sent on application free of charge. We look for an increased demand for them all during the coming year. Pastors and superintendents will please give attention to this and see that their schools have their own Church publications in use.

Address:

REFORMED CHURCH PUB. BOARD,  
907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

#### CHURCH ALMANAC FOR 1883.

Our Church Almanac for 1883 is now ready for distribution. The following is the schedule of prices:

## Miscellaneous.

## SUGGESTIVE.

## A Song for Women.

Within a dreary, narrow room,  
That looks upon a noiseless street,  
Half-fainting with the stifling heat,  
A starving girl works out her doom;

Yet not the less in God's sweet air  
The little birds sing free of care,  
And hawthorns blossom everywhere.

Swift, ceaseless toil scarce winneth bread;  
From early dawn till twilight falls,  
Shut in by four dull, ugly walls,  
The hours crawl round with murderous tread.

And all the while, in some still place,  
Where intertwining boughs embrace,  
The blackbirds build; time flies apace.

With envy of the folk who die,  
Who may at last their leisure take,  
Whose longed-for sleep none roughly wake,  
Tired hands the restless needle ply.

But far and wide in meadows green  
The golden buttercups are seen,  
And reddening sorrel nods between.

Too pure and proud to soil her soul,  
Or stoop to basely gotten gain,  
By days of changeless want and pain  
The seamstress earns a prisoner's dole,

While in the peaceful fields the sheep  
Feed, quiet; and through heaven's blue  
deep,  
The silent cloud wings stainless sweep.

And if he be alive or dead  
That weary woman scarcely knows,  
But back and forth her needle goes,  
In tune with throbbing heart and head.

Lo! where the leaning alders part  
White-bosomed swallows, blithe of heart,  
Above still waters skim and dart.

O God in heaven! shall I, who share  
That dying woman's womanhood,  
Taste all the Summer's bounteous good,  
Unburdened by her weight of care?

The white moon-daisies star the grass,  
The lengthening shadows o'er them pass,  
The meadow pool is smooth as glass.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

## Science and Art.

The Japan Herald takes this from a native paper:—A porcelain maker of Kiyoto, who studied photography in Paris, has succeeded in making photographs in colors on porcelain, with a perfect perspective. Foreigners have expressed their admiration of his works.

The Academy of Sciences decides that raw meat is easier of digestion than that which is cooked. In prescribing it preference should be given to flesh that has been frozen, as very low temperatures destroy the eggs of many parasites which often infest meats of all kinds.

Important results have been obtained through the analyses of London fog made at the request of the Royal Society. It is shown that the fog holds in suspension two and a half times the quantity of carbonic acid gas usually found in a normal atmosphere. The fact accounts in a large measure for the increased death-rate observed in London during a prolonged season of muggy weather.

The results of Mr. Hormuzd Razzam's recent excavations in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley, from which he returned two or three days ago, are, the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian says, to be found in some ten or twelve thousand specimens—tablets, cylinders, and antiquities generally—which had for the most part preceded him in their arrival in England. They are awaiting classification and description.

An INVENTION IN SHOE-MAKING.—It now looks as if mortals would soon have a chance to wear comfortable shoes, as a gentleman in Boston has invented a process which is extremely simple in its work, but which enables hand-sewed goods to be made within a few cents per pair of cheap machine work. For six months past, Mr. Lee E. Moore has been making a shoe by a process which it is calculated will revolutionize the business. It is equally applicable to ladies' work as to that of men. Heretofore, in the manufacture of hand-sewed work, the upper leather which remains after sewing the welt to the inner sole, has either been cut off or tacked down and the space filled, but by the new method the upper, after having been fastened to the sole, is turned back over the welt, and in turn is again sewed to the outer sole, thus making the boot doubly strong, and making it virtually waterproof. In case a poor inner sole is used so that the sewing gives way, the welt still acts as a lever, and there is no possibility of the upper pulling out. In the manufacture of common work for women, where machines are used, there is a rough seam left on the inside of the shoe, which is decidedly uncomfortable to the wearer, whereas, if made by the process alluded to, the inside of the boot is left perfectly smooth. Then again by the old method, nails are used to a greater or less extent in lasting, which in due time give the wearer unbearable discomfort; but this is entirely obviated by the new process, as no nails are used, as the upper does not require to be fastened to the inner sole except by the sewing. Those who have investigated the process are loud in their praises, and compliment the inventor highly upon his success; and it is a fact that manufacturers of shoe machinery are already at work endeavoring to produce a machine which shall accomplish the work which is now done by hand, and with a good prospect of success.

## Personal.

Bombay is to be visited by the Rev. Phillips Brooks.

Rosa Bonheur is now sixty years of age. She is spending the winter at Nice, working on her large picture, "Transplantation."

Mr. Aicott has been announced for four conversations next summer at the School of Philosophy, in spite of the present state of his health.

While playing Lucia, on a Southern tour, Miss Emma Abbott is reported to have interpolated the "Suwanee River," and on another occa-

sion to have sung "Nearer, my God, to These" in Fau.

Rev. J. G. Monfort, D. D., of the Herald and Presbyter, Cincinnati, is still in vigorous health, though it is about forty-five years since he began to sit in the editorial chair. In 1836 and 1837 he was an editor in Hanover, Indiana, and Louisville, Ky. While pastor of a church in Greensburg, Ind., he assisted in conducting a secular paper for one year; and he has completed twenty-eight years of editorial work on the Herald and Presbyter. May he be permitted to occupy his place for many more years.

Few men have endured so many personal afflictions as fell to the lot of the late Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury. In the early spring of 1856, while he was Dean of Carlisle, five little daughters were lost to him. The stricken father and mother fled with a son and new-born babe, never again to sleep in the deanery. But the Dean afterward said: "The shock had been overpowering. But, as in the quiet country home which had been lent to us, we cherished our dear little son and baby girl, and read together, and prayed together, and bathed our spirits in the beauties that surrounded us, by God's mercy there came over us a holy calm."

Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, whose death was announced the other day, once narrowly escaped from being buried alive. It was when he was a young man. During serious illness his body suddenly assumed all the aspects of death. He was rigid, breathless, and his heart had ceased to beat. The doctors pronounced him dead; he was placed in a coffin, and every preparation was made for his burial. Yet all the time he was perfectly conscious of everything that was going on. At the last moment, just as the lid of the coffin was being put in place for the last time, the awful mental agony broke the bonds of muscular inertitude, and he rose to a sitting posture, to the astonishment and horror of the attendants. Afterwards he made a plea, powerful with personal conviction, in the Senate for a law against rapid burials.

THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA. Edited by Edwards A. Park, with the co-operation of George E. Day, Archibald Duff, Jr., D. W. Simon, S. I. Curtiss, and G. Frederick Wright. Vol. XL. January, 1883. Andover: Published by W. F. Draper. London: Trübner & Co.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for February opens with a symposium in which six theologians, representing as many religious denominations, give expression to their views upon the question of the "Revision of Creeds." Prof. Alexander Winchell, in an article entitled "The Experiment of Universal Suffrage," institutes a profound inquiry into the essential conditions of staple popular government, which he finds to be, substantial, virtue and intelligence; but these conditions, he maintains, are absolutely unattainable under our existing political system, where an electorate either ignorant or vicious, or both, by the mere force of superior numbers, practically nullifies the suffrage of the better and wiser portion of the people, whose right to control the government of the commonwealth is grounded in the very nature of things. Bishop McQuaid writes of "The Decay of Protestantism," and in essaying to prove his thesis, makes a very adroit use of the admissions of Protestant writers. "The Political Situation" is the joint title of two articles, the one by Horatio Seymour, the other by Geo. S. Boutwell, who offer their respective views upon the causes of the recent overthrow of the Republican party. An article by Dr. D. A. Sargent, on "Physical Education in Colleges," treats a subject of prime importance to the youths in our higher educational institutions. Finally there are two articles on "The Standard Oil Company," Senator Camden, of West Virginia, defending that corporation against its assailants, and John C. Welch setting forth the reasons for condemning it as a dangerous monopoly. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February is a very attractive and entertaining number. It opens with a frontispiece engraving from George H. Boughton's Royal Academy Picture, "The Frozen Fountain." Mr. Wit Sikes, our Consul at Cardiff, describes the "Wild Welsh Coast," which is profusely and very effectively illustrated by Harry Fenn. In the second part of George H. Boughton's "Artist Stroll in Holland" we find another and very different sort of descriptive article—one not depending for its interest upon a portrayal of natural scenery, or even upon its useful information, but full of quaint and interesting pictures of Dutch life and manners, as seen in Windmills Zaandam and the Isle of Marken. The illustrations by Boughton and Abbey are delightfully picturesque.—Under the title of "German Political Leaders" Professor Herbert Tuttle contributes a valuable article on the German Parliament—the Reichstag, or Imperial Diet—with sketches of the leaders of the parties there represented, and a view of the principal questions dividing these parties. The article is illustrated with effective drawings by Reinhart and portraits.—George M. White contributes an illustrated article on "The Local Associations of Whittier's Poems," full of interesting reminiscences of the old poet and curious facts connected with the subjects treated by him.—The two serial novels—Black's "Shandon Bells" and Miss Woolson's "For the Major"—are continued. Ernest Ingersoll contributes a short story based on a romance associated with the old Russian fort in Alta-California, described in his article, "In a Redwood Logging Camp," in the January number. "Eugenie's Fete Day" is a bright little sketch by "A Working-Girl."—Phil Robinson compares the treatment of Nature—especially of birds—by American and English poets. Poems are contributed by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Julia C. R. Dorr, "Southern Rivers," by M. V. Moore, though having no especial value as a poem, is a very curious and interesting review of the Indian names given to Southern rivers.—Mr. George William Curtis, in the Easy Chair, describes the gay winter season in New York; discusses Tenison's new play; notices the recently published life and letters of Lydia Maria Child; and pays a graceful tribute to the late Anthony Trollope. The Literary Record and other departments, including an admirable Drawer, are full, as usual, of timely and interesting matter.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE. January 20, 1883. Contents: Alcine, Cornhill Magazine; The Lady's Walk, by Mrs. Oliphant, Longman's Magazine; A Little Chat about Mrs. Oliphant, Blackwood's Magazine; Anthony Trollope, by Edward A. Freeman, Macmillan's Magazine; The Clergy of the Eighteenth Century, Cornhill Magazine; From Miss Austen to Mr. Trollope, Spectator; My Introduction to the Press, St. James's Gazette; Religious Poverty, Spectator; and choice selections of poetry.

At Lansdale, Jan. 13, 1883, by Rev. H. F. Seiple, Mr. Abraham G. Ruth, of Lime-Lexington, Pa., to Miss Emma K. Haldeman, of Chalfont, Bucks county, Pa.

At Lansdale, Jan. 13, 1883, by the same, Mr.

Jacob M. Fretz, of Blooming Glen, Bucks county, Pa., to Miss Lizzie M. Geisinger, of Lime-Lexington, Pa.

At the bride's home, Dublin, Pa., Jan. 13, 1883,

by the same, Mr. Milton B. Shelly, of Lawndale, Bucks county, Pa., to Miss Amelia S. Richert, of Dublin, Pa.

At Dublin, Jan. 13, 1883, by the same, Mr.

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## Religious Intelligence.

## At Home.

Nearly 180 Congregational ministers were ordained or installed in 1882, and 61 died at the average age of 64.

The church statistics of Richmond (Va.) foot up 30,610 members, gathered in 57 churches. Of the members, 12,191 are colored Baptists.

The time of holding the Baltimore M. E. Conference has been changed by Bishop Warren, at the request of the preachers' meeting and presiding elders, from March 21 to March 7.

A genuine sensation was created last week by the marriage of Sister Mary Paul, the founder of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, at Yankton, Dak., to Dr. Ross, physician to the institution.

Most of the speakers in the Baltimore Convention of the Episcopal Church favor the recognition of race distinction in the Church, by having separate churches, ministers, and bishops for the colored people.

Prof. Hyde, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, has prepared a "complete and elaborate" Catechism, which is to be submitted to the General Committee on a Creed which is now at work.

Mrs. Simpson, the wife of Bishop Simpson, has presented for use in the new church recently erected in Garfield avenue, East Long Branch, N. J., a handsome organ. The church bears the name of the Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church.

A chapel and school for the instruction of Indians was dedicated Dec. 8, 1882, at Chico, Cal. Mrs. Bidwell, wife of General Bidwell, has for years taken much interest in the welfare of the Indians found in that part of California, and has gathered many of them into a Sunday-school.

The receipts for Home and Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, were unusually large in the month of November, owing to the fact that a legacy of \$50,000 was paid to each of these Boards during that time. They came from the estate of the late F. P. Schools, of New York.

Mr. Joseph M. Bennett, who, some time since presented to the managers of "The Orphanage of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Philadelphia" two acres of land with a house thereon, has lately given to it his farm of twenty-five acres adjoining the two then given. The land is just on the margin of Fairmount Park, and is valued at \$50,000.

Right Rev. Joseph C. Talbot, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Indiana, died on the 15th inst., at Indianapolis, of paralysis. He was a Quaker by birth, but entered the Episcopal Church in 1837, and studied for the ministry. He was consecrated Bishop in 1860, and was regarded as a man of marked ability and efficiency.

Rev. William O. Johnstone, D. D., pastor of the Kensington Presbyterian Church in this city, died on the 15th inst. He had been pastor of the Church 31 years. On the Sunday before his death he was suffering from a cold, and was taken to his church in a carriage, where he administered the communion to his people for the 142d time. He seemed to be much improved Monday evening, but expired very suddenly at 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning.

Father Ryan, the poet priest of the South, recently delivered a lecture in Boston on "The decline in the political and material order of Catholic nations, and the ascendancy in the same order of Protestant nations." The Morning Star, a Catholic newspaper of New Orleans, took him to task for hinting at a decline of the Church. He thus explains: "To the nameless writer I say that I did not consult a single Protestant author. My authorities are Cardinals Manning and Newman, Monseigneur Mermilliod, and especially a very remarkable work in French, written years ago by Abbe Martin, a very distinguished priest, on 'The Future of Catholicity and Protestantism,' and especially praised by Monseigneur Mermilliod, which work I am myself translating into English. The decline of any Catholic nation, or all of them, in the politico-material order, by no means indicates the spiritual decline of the Church. Only a stupid mind confounds two things eternally separate. That the material and political power of the Catholic Church has been declining for a long time, is evident to any one who is not too blind to see facts or too dull to realize them. But this does not mean the spiritual decline of the Catholic Church."

## Abroad.

A mission church is to be erected in Zululand, South Africa, on the fatal battle-field of Isandhlwana.

Of the 484 ministers who left the Established Church of Scotland at the Disruption in 1843 it is said 105 are still alive.

In the Baptist Churches in Scotland there was an increase of 301 members last year, the total membership being 9,214.

Over 70 students were matriculated last year in the Anglo-Chinese College at Foochow, connected with the Methodist Mission.

At a recent meeting in London, Gen. Booth, the leader of the Salvation Army, made the surprising statement that the offerings for sustaining the operation of the Army amounted to \$800,000 per annum.

At Southampton, England, on a Sunday afternoon, the rain pouring down in torrents, from 3,000 to 4,000 women went to hear Mr. Moody preach. About 1,000 men at the same time listened to Canon Wilberforce.

The Russian national subscription for the erection of an Orthodox Russian church at the foot of the Balkans, in memory of the Russian soldiers killed during the war of 1877-1878, amounts to about \$190,000.

The French Senate has carried an amendment inserting in the estimates 20,000 francs for Catholic Missions in the East. M. de St. Vallier said these missions were the mainstay of French influence in the East.

The people of Chatel-Guyon, France, dissatisfied with their cure, whom the bishop refused to remove on charges of brutality and immorality, voted, through their municipal council to become Protestants and are about to build a church.

On the place of the Czar's assassination, a church is to be built. The Russian national subscription for that purpose amounts to \$340,000. From all parts of Russia are sent for that church images ornamented with gold and precious stones, crosses, and other accessories of the Russian religious rites.

The Moravian missionaries who have been laboring for years on the borders of Thibet, waiting for an opportunity to enter, have at last succeeded, and it is hoped that a mission will soon be established in that country. The Scriptures are being printed in the Thibetan language.

A letter recently received by the American Bible Society from its agent in Japan contains a copy of a formal and forcible appeal from native Japanese Christians to be actively and equally

represented by native scholars of their own selection in the work of translating the Old Testament. The Society regards this intelligence as indicative of Christian progress in Japan which is marvelous if not unparalleled.

The Kabylia are among the most interesting of the races of North Africa. They are counted by millions. They have been free from Turkish Days for over half a century. They are within seventy hours of London, but no Protestants have labored among them until within a year, when two missionaries came, one of whom is now sick, and the other has retired. Young men have frequently come from the mountain tribes, asking for a missionary.

Nearly a hundred persons in Prague are, through the reading of the Bible and the preaching of the gospel, been brought to a living faith in Christ. These are mostly poor people, yet they keep up a room for Bible readings, at the annual rent of five hundred florins. Some of them have recently organized themselves into a Bethany Society with the purpose of providing a house in Prague or its suburbs to be specially devoted to these Bible services; and their friend, the Rev. A. W. Clark of Weinberg, Prague, has issued an appeal for help. Nineteen hundred florins had been already subscribed in Prague at the date of the sending forth of the appeal.

Mr. Mackenzie's resignation of the Vicarage of St. Albans, London, which has been hailed in various quarters as, in the circumstances, a "capitalization" to ritualists, is not allowed to pass without protest from the Council of the Church Association. That body has published a manifesto in which the circumstances that accompanied the resignation are declared to "constitute a grave scandal to the Church of England." Great surprise and profound regret are expressed that the Bishop of London should have thought it consistent with the obligation of his episcopal office to sanction the arrangement without any pledge having been given to obey the laws of the Church, and it records its solemn protest against a transaction which it looks upon as a reproach to the Episcopal Bench, a betrayal of the Protestant Reformed religion established by law, and a disonor to the Gospel of the grace of God."

The Holy Synod of Russia recently opened its session at St. Petersburg. This session promises to be of a particular interest and importance. Among the members of the Synod are the three Metropolitans—Isidor of St. Petersburg, Joanniky of Moscow, and Platoff of Kiev, and also Archpriest Yanishev, the newly appointed confessor to the Czar. There are some vital questions before the Synod. A reform of the theological schools is needed. Now Russian seminarians are required to study theology for ten years, which is considered rather too long a course for a special study. A thorough control of the financial affairs of the churches is also demanded. It is believed that the church trustees don't raise money enough for the support of the theological schools. Then the status of the parochial schools has to be determined. The villages and towns are to be invited to contribute funds for the support of these schools.

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